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TOO MANY WIVES P. 62

BABE RUTH'S HIDEOUT P. 66

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JULY/AUGUST 2008

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Closer Than You Think

[The National Archives] is the raw essence of history—millions of documents attesting to the building of this nation and to the everyday affairs of common individuals. It is Americana at its best: the story of who we are and what we have accomplished. Landmarks in history, and events that shaped the lives of otherwise unnoticed citizens, have been documented and preserved in the National Archives and its nationwide system.

—from *The Archives: A Guide to the National Archives Field Branches*, by Sandra Luebking and Loretto Dennis Szucs (Ancestry, 1988)

FOR EIGHT YEARS, I VOLUNTEERED at the Chicago branch of the National Archives, eventually joining the staff there. But when I began work on *The Archives* with my friend Sandra Luebking more than two decades ago, the first place I went was the Central Plains field office in Kansas City. And last month, on the book's 20th anniversary, the directors and staff at the Kansas City archives greeted me with the same enthusiasm that had long ago ignited me with a desire to bring awareness to NARA's regional collections.

Most people think of the Declaration of Independence or the Constitution when they think about the holdings of the National Archives. Yet there are vast collections of your history and mine in NARA's 11 regional branches. Census schedules, passenger lists, and some of NARA's most heavily used records were microfilmed long ago. Several of these and other collections have been digitized and are available at Ancestry.com, and other NARA collections are being added to the site regularly. Still, there's so much more.

Each region of the National Archives holds unique collections relating to millions of individuals who lived in every part of the nation. Federal court cases take up the biggest portion of the stacks in most regions. And every region has unheralded cases that shed light on bankruptcies, bootlegging, and other chapters of our ancestors' personal histories.

Regional offices hold shelf after shelf of naturalization records, most of which have not been microfilmed. Stories of pirates and shipwrecks are found in the archives in port cities. Chicago has records for a number of inland waterways and Corps of Engineers records. Fort Worth holds the largest collection of records from the Bureau of Indian Affairs. Denver maintains a mother lode of mining claims, homestead, and other records from the Bureau of Land Management.

Space doesn't permit me to tell you about all the intriguing stories that live in the regions, but you can find more at <www.archives.gov/locations/regional-archives.html>. And remember, never stop looking for your dream ancestors. Their stories may not be lost; they may be just waiting for you to find in the National Archives.

Loretto D. Szucs
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ancestry

JULY/AUGUST 2008
VOLUME 26, NUMBER 4

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Ancestry Magazine (ISSN 1075-475X) is published bimonthly by The Generations Network, Inc. 360 W. 4800 North, Provo, UT 84604. Periodicals Postage Paid at Provo, UT and at additional mailing offices.

POSTMASTER: Send address changes to Ancestry Magazine, 360 West 4800 North, Provo, UT 84604.

Canadian return address: Station A, P.O. Box 54, Windsor, Ontario N9A 6J5. Publications Agreement No. 40043123.

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For subscriptions, call toll-free 1-800-262-3787 in the United States and Canada. Subscription price: \$24.95 annually. Please add \$5 postage for Canada and Mexico, \$10 for all other foreign subscriptions per year. Single issue price: \$4.95.

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MAGAZINE



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JULY/AUGUST 2008
VOLUME 26, NUMBER 4



LOOK CLOSELY

Mark Twain, Teddy Roosevelt, Pocahontas, Marie Antoinette. Our lucky clover on the cover features hidden details from each of these folks' portraits. Wouldn't you love to have one of these famous figures in your family tree? We know five experts who would.

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BY GEORGE G. MORGAN, MYRA VANDERPOOL GORMLEY,
MARY PENNER, AND KATHERINE HOPE BORGES

Say you could choose anyone to put in your family tree—who would you pick? Learn who the pros would choose. And why.

30 Are We in Line for the Polish Throne?

ANSWER BY CEIL WENDT JENSEN

Heir to the Polish throne? We solve a reader's family legend and turn up a surprising tale.

40 With Both Feet on the Ground

BY ELLEN NOTBOHM

There's nothing like being there when you want to learn more about the land a family member called home.

58 Incarcerated Trees

BY KELLY BURGESS

Not every life is perfect. But some of the most blemished are giving back and learning lifelong lessons through a new connection to family.

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CONGRATULATIONS to *Ancestry Magazine* authors Colleen Fitzpatrick, Ph.D., and Megan Smolenyak Smolenyak for taking first and second place respectively in the International Society of Family History Writers and Editors (ISFHWI) annual writing competition. Colleen's winning entry, "Clues Left Around a House," appeared in *Ancestry Magazine* in May/June 2007. Megan's entry, "Found! Serial Centenarians," appeared in our July/August 2007 issue.

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Where Is Senatora?

I would like help finding Senatora Cemetery. On the funeral records of my step-great-grandfather, who died 19 March 1944, the cemetery is listed as being in Tennessee, but I haven't been able to locate it. Any help your readers could give me would be appreciated.

BILLY COWAN

Giving Where Wanted

I agree that it is a wonderful thought to donate our personal genealogical items to a society that we think would enjoy receiving them.

However, it is best to check first before deciding what goes where. When my parents passed away, we wanted to give their research to the society that my parents considered one of their best sources. When we contacted that society, they said they would be delighted to receive the items, but we'd have to give them \$5,000 so they could afford to add these items to their collection.

Instead, we contacted the local genealogical society, which is housed in the county library. They were happy to receive the books and other records, even though much of it did not pertain to the local area.

GAIL GARLINGHOUSE RYSSO

Clean and Comfortable

Thanks for the lovely story about hanging out the laundry ("Simple Security," May/June 2008, page 64). I have only one question: why did Ms. Hazard quit hanging out her laundry? In these days of energy conservation, the clothes dryer is one of the worst culprits. I started hanging out our laundry, and, like the author, I simply enjoy everything about it—the smell of the freshly washed laundry, the solitude (nobody bothers you when you're doing this kind of task), and just being outside. Very relaxing. And yes, I do travel back in time to lovely memories. I also now hand wash my dishes and put the

rinsed dishes in the dishwasher to dry. It's another time to quietly meditate. And the warm, sudsy water feels so good on my hands.

K. ULRICH

Through Rose-Colored Clothespins?

I read the story by Sharon Hazard about clothesline drying and talking with her neighbors, and I wonder how she'd feel hanging those clothes out when it was 20 degrees below zero with some wind so they could freeze dry? Then she could take them in to finish on a line or over a chair. Sorry, but I watched my mother shed tears because her hands were so cold from handling the clothes. Needless to say we didn't change our clothes three times a day and put them in the wash. And there were no close neighbors to chat with over the line.

MYRNA PEACE

Get the Facts Right

In the article on restoring old photographs ("Before My Very Eyes," May/June 2008, page 40), the author refers to an ambrotype as a "painting on glass." Totally incorrect: an ambrotype is a photograph on glass. You need to get your facts and your history straight.

JOHN S. CRAIG

Editor's note: You're absolutely right. An ambrotype isn't a painting on glass—it's a process that creates a very thin negative on glass, which is then viewed against a black background to appear as a positive image. We apologize for the error.

Something on Your Mind?

Send your comments, letters, and opinions to editor@ancestrymagazine.com.



Modern Mapping

In answer to Paula Wood's question ("You Asked," May/June 2008, page 9), another source for finding Stenszerno should be a modern map, now readily available online. It took me less than 10 minutes on Google to find a good candidate for the town of "Stenszerno" (or, as your answer correctly points out from the ambiguous handwriting, "Stenszewo"). The town of Posen is now Poznań, in Poland. From there, follow the modern Polish highway no. 5 to the southwest and look for the town of Stęszew—that would be a good place to start looking.

RICHARD PENNINGTON

In the Oddest Places

I am an avid eBay. One thing anyone can do for free is register with eBay and start some searches for items associated with a town or county or a particular surname. You can save your search and you'll be notified by e-mail when something is posted that matches your search criteria. I have found a number of items for family names or areas that family was located at some time. I have even found family "stories" that were printed at a much earlier date. The items may be used, but that's usually okay with me.

CINDY DUDLEY

You Asked

Q: How do I get census records after 1940?

SARA AND RICHARD HAGINS

BECAUSE OF IMPORTANT privacy concerns, the Census Bureau does not make census information available to the public until 72 years after the census information was collected. But there are certain circumstances under which you have a right to that information, and, if that is the case, you can request that the Census Bureau conduct a search of the confidential records and send you an official transcript.

You are entitled to census information from 1940 and after if you need it as evidence to qualify for Social Security, retirement benefits, passport applications, and in other situations where a birth or other certificate may be needed but isn't available.

There is a catch, however. The search will cost you \$65—a congressionally mandated fee that covers only a search of one census for one person.

If you request post-1930 census information, you'll need to do the following. First, fill out form BC-600 <www.census.gov/genealogy/www/bc-600.pdf>; read everything carefully and include all requested paperwork. This may mean you'll need to give a copy of a death certificate, if the person is deceased; court papers proving that you're a legal representative, if that is the case; your relationship to the deceased; and a few other things. The form has to be signed by either (1) a blood relative in the immediate family (parent, child, brother, sister, grandparent), (2) the surviving wife or husband, (3) the administrator or executor of the estate, or (4) a beneficiary by will or insurance. For additional data on the same person (Full Schedule), there is a charge of \$10; note, however, that this information is not available for 1970 or later censuses.

If you are not especially anxious to pay \$65 (for a partial line) or \$75 (for the full line) and you don't mind waiting until 2012—when the 1940 census becomes available to the public—you can visit the Census Bureau site <www.1930census.com/1940_census.php> where there is a daily countdown until "opening day" and some interesting facts about 1940.

Let Ancestry Magazine Executive Editor Lou Szucs and Ancestry Weekly Journal Editor Juliana Szucs Smith solve your toughest family history problems. Submit yours today to editor@ancestrymagazine.com.





Do I Get My Eyes from Zeus?

BY ELAINE CLARK

MY LOVE OF GENEALOGY IS A GIFT from my grandmother. When, as a child, I spent weekends with her, she enthralled me with chicken and dumplings, stories of how her parents met, and the delicious tale of how we descended from *Mayflower* pilgrims. I roamed the cornfields by her house looking for lost graves and dreaming of meeting the people in Grandma's stories.

As I grew older, I started collecting names and dates and places—and that's when I learned that not all of Grandma's stories were 100 percent true. In fact, my family was nowhere near the *Mayflower*.

Since then, I've applied rigid standards to my sources. But I'm still bewitched by a good story, even one that stretches back beyond plausible record keeping. So I was delighted recently to tap into an online genealogy for my family that crossed the Atlantic and wound its way back through Mary von Habsburg, the house of Burgundy, and the Count of Wormgau.

I told myself I should stop, but this story was irresistible. When I finally typed in Adam, I did so without conviction,

knowing this would surely fail any reasonableness check my technology could offer. It didn't, and there sat Adam in my family tree. I began to work forward, looking up Adam's descendants, and that's when I discovered his 23rd-great-grandson, Dardanus. But in Greek mythology, Dardanus is the founder of Troy—and the son of Zeus and Elektra.

It's one thing to imagine yourself related to Adam, but finding Dardanus makes me a daughter of Zeus, too. I sat back, trying to make some sense of my newfound lineage, and that's when it hit me: genealogy isn't just an exercise in dates and locations. These stories—real or dreamed—place me in context. I may not be *Mayflower* stock, but I still have reason to be proud of my heritage. Even if one of the seven Pleiades sisters isn't really my 121st great-grandmother.

ELAINE CLARK is a radio producer and amateur genealogist.



Create a Family Photo Archive

BY MAUREEN A. TAYLOR

Author of *Capturing Memories: Your Family Story in Photographs*

READY TO START COLLECTING family pictures? You'll want to start in the present and work backward just like you do with family history.

First take a photo of every living person in your family. Use a pencil to label the back of each photo with names and dates.

Double-check your family history research—there may be images associated with yearbooks, school papers, and passports.

Ask relatives for old photos. Get permission to scan them as 300 dpi color TIFF files. Assign keywords to each with a digital image organizer like Google's *Picasa* <www.picasa.google.com>. Print copies on archival-quality paper.

Contact historical societies and search photo sites like DeadFred—you never know where an old photo might be.



Big Book, Big City

IF YOUR ANCESTORS ATTENDED BEN REITMAN'S "hobo college," shopped at the Fair department store, took in a show at the Regal Theater, or worked for Swift or Armour, you can learn more about the town they called home in the *Electronic Encyclopedia of Chicago*. And it's all right on your desktop.

Along with entries on all things Chicago, the site features video galleries, historical photographs, digital essays, and uniquely detailed maps.

The *Electronic Encyclopedia of Chicago* is a collaborative effort between the Newberry Library, the Chicago Historical Society, and Academic Technologies at Northwestern University. The creators see it as "new kind of metropolitan history," an experiment that "is very much 'to be continued.'"

<www.encyclopedia.chicagohistory.org>



Matchmaker, Matchmaker

THE JEWISH MATCHMAKER, OR *shadchan*, harks back to Abraham's servant Eliezer, who found Rebecca for Isaac. Think there are no modern-day matchmakers? Think again. Computer matchmaking—now a multimillion-dollar business—started in 1965, when a couple of Harvard students created "Operation Match" to have a little fun and meet girls.



TO DO:

French Connections Vergennes, VT 11-12 July 2008

The fair town of Vergennes is hosting French Heritage Days, a celebration of all things French. Among the plethora of French Canadian offerings are authentic food, loads of exhibits (including period customs and clothing), and fiddling performances. The Vermont French Canadian Genealogical Society will also be in attendance.

•WWW.MIDVERMONT.COM•

Digging up the Past Akron, OH 19 July 2008

Leave the shovel at home for this cemetery excursion. The Summit County Chapter, OGS, will be hosting "All Things Cemetery," a hands-on experience in getting the most from your graveyard visit. Topics include tombstone rubbings, transcription tips, symbol identification, and other valuable tidbits. Activities are provided for the "nimble as well as the sedate."

•WWW.OGS.ORG/EVENTS•

Heartland Heritage Indianapolis, IN 15-16 Aug 2008

If your ancestors came from the heart of the country, then don't miss Midwestern Roots 2008. The conference promises more than 30 presentations covering a large range of topics, from old favorites like storytelling to incorporating new technology into your methodology. One presentation to look forward to: "Cases That Make My Brain Hurt" by Megan Smolenyak.

•WWW.INDIANAHISTORY.ORG/MIDWESTERNROOTS•

Jewish Genealogy Conference Chicago, IL 17-22 Aug 2008

The 28th Annual International Conference on Jewish Genealogy will be blowing through the Windy City this year. There will be something inspiring for old pros and newbies alike. Hundreds in attendance will be treated to expert speakers. The best reason to go: the International Association of Jewish Genealogical Societies guarantees that passing on your family history is a mitzvah!

•WWW.CHICAGO2008.ORG•

JULY

SUNDAY

MONDAY

TUESDAY

WEDNESDAY

THURSDAY

FRIDAY

SATURDAY



6

1 Manteo, NC
Roanoke Island Festival
(1 July-30 July)
www.roanokeisland.com



3 Westmoreland, PA
Arts & Heritage Festival
(3 July-6 July)
www.artsandheritage.com

4 New Orleans, LA
4th on the River
www.go4thontheriver.com

5 Bath, ME
Heritage Days
(3 July-6 July)
www.visitbath.com



8 Ticonderoga, NY Battle of Carillon
250th Anniversary
www.midvermont.com

9



11 Vergennes, VT
French Heritage Days
(11 July-12 July)
www.midvermont.com

12 Whitewater, WI
Profiles of German Emigrants
www.rootsweb.ancestry.com/~wigig/index.html

13 Kill Devil Hills, NC
Wright Kite Festival
(12 July-13 July)
www.outerbanks.org



15
16 Hiawassee, GA
Mountain Fair
(16 July-27 July)
www.georgia-mountain-fair.com

17 Cherokee, NC
Festival of Native Peoples
(17 July-19 July)
www.cherokeesmokies.com

18 Holyoke, MA
Festival de la Familia Hispana
(17 July-20 July)
www.lafamiliahispana.org

19 Cleveland, OH
Irish Cultural Festival
(18 July-20 July)
www.clevelandirish.org

20 Encino, CA
Jewish Genealogical Society of Los Angeles
www.jewishgen.org/jgsla/

21 Hutchinson, KS
Preserving Your Family Treasures
skyways.lib.ks.us/genweb/kcgs



23 Port Huron, MI
Family History Group Program
mainstreetph.com

24

25

26 Salem, MA
CultureFest
(26 July-27 July)
npo.a3dinc.org

27 Kokomo, IN
Barebones Genealogy
www.indgensoc.org

28

29

30

31



Start Your Fourth with a Bang!

Gettysburg, PA

4-6 July 2008

Experience the life of a soldier at the Gettysburg, PA, 145th National Civil War Battle Reenactment. In addition to two battle reenactments per day, the event is jam-packed with historical festivities. If you don't have the stomach for the medical demonstration by the Antietam Army Hospital, there's the Victorian Civil War Wedding, Gettysburg Ghost Stories, 46th PA Brass Band performance, live mortar fire exhibition, and other fascinating goings-ons. The event boasts 100 canons, over 400 mounted cavalry, a commemorative artillery barrage, and a massive Pickett's Charge. An expansive Living History Village will be on display, and of course there will be plenty of food and drink.


•WWW.GETTYSBURGREENACTMENT.COM•



AUGUST

SUNDAY	MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY
					1 Jamestown, ND Culture Festival (1 Aug-3 Aug) www.jamestownartscenter.org	2 Anchorage, AK Irish Music Festival www.akirishmusic.com
3 Berne, MN Swiss Heritage Festival (2 Aug-3 Aug) www.swissfest.org	4 Longmont, CO Boulder County Fair, Livestock Show & Rodeo (1 Aug-9 Aug) www.bouldercountyfair.org		6	7 Long Beach, CA Sail Into Your Past (7 Aug-9 Aug) www.rootsweb.com/~bifhsusa/seminar	8 St. Paul, MN Irish Fair of Minnesota (8 Aug-10 Aug) www.irishfair.com	9
10 Sparta, IL Sparta Blues Fest Parade (10 Aug-11 Aug) www.spartablues.com	11	12	13		15 Cleveland, OH Romanian Festival (15 Aug-17 Aug) www.cleveland.com	16 St. Paul, Minnesota Greek Festival (16 Aug-17 Aug) www.stgeorgegoc.org
17 Ypsilanti, MI Heritage Festival (15 Aug-17 Aug) www.ypsilantiheritagefestival.com	18 Chicago, IL International Conference on Jewish Genealogy (17 Aug-22 Aug) www.Chicago2008.org		20 Phoenix, AZ The Rise of Civil Rights in the Urban West www.azgab.org		22 Charleston, SC Music Festival (22 Aug-24 Aug) www.sc.gov	23 Kalamazoo, MI Scottish Festival www.kalamazoo.scottishfestival.org
24 Long Beach, CA Asiafest www.queenmaryfestivals.com	25 Richmond, IL Richmond Days (22 Aug-27 Aug) www.richmond-il.com		27 Chicago, IL Reflect, Reinvest, Revitalize! (27 Aug-30 Aug) www.blackmuseums.org		29 New Haven, CT Greek Festival (29 Aug-1 Sep) www.ctvisit.com	30 Sisters, OR Western & Native American Festival www.festivalsandevents.com

Submit your heritage event at www.ancestrymagazine.com/submit.



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AD

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Getting the Real Story **Onsite**

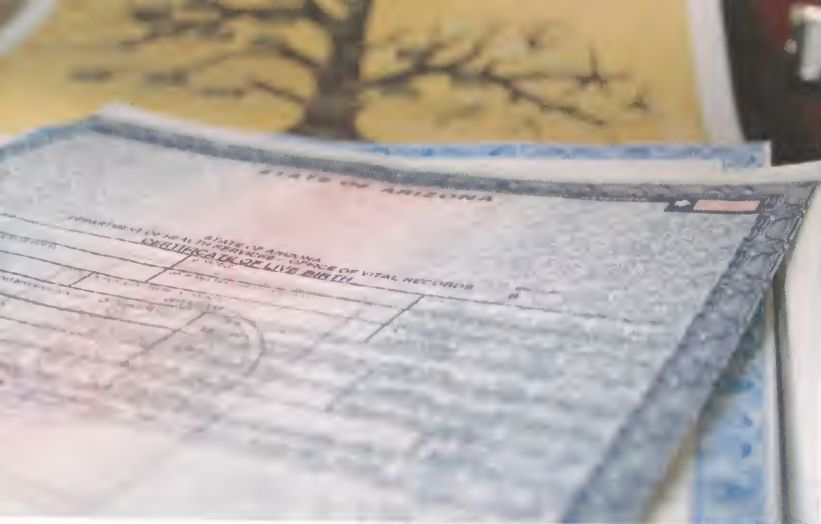
BY BARBARA MURPHY LIKOVICH

AS A FORMER REPORTER, I can tell you that few experiences compare with traveling to where our ancestors walked, worked, and—as humble as their home may have been—lay down to sleep every night. An old family home can be full of great finds (especially if it is still in the family) so being armed with the right tools is a must.

What would I take? A lightweight travel bag—with compartments to hold 8 1/2" x 11" papers; it can easily hold what you need. It doesn't have to be expensive (mine cost \$25), but it will be priceless to you on your journey.

And what do you put in that bag? Here are the five tools I'd drop in:





1. FILE FOLDER WITH INFORMATION ON THE FAMILY THAT LIVED IN THE HOME

Whether in narrative form or a collection of pedigree and family group sheets, having the information at your fingertips will help you determine the significance of items you find (it can also help distinguish between family members with the same name). I love my computer, but a hard copy makes it easier to share information with the house's current occupants and often helps them think of items they have that are of interest to me.

2. CAMERA

Digital or film is a personal choice, but I prefer digital because I can tell on the spot if I got the picture, and uploading photos to my computer is a snap. I take pictures not only of the house and individual rooms but also of artifacts that may be sprinkled throughout. Digital cameras, found in the electronics department of many stores, have come down considerably in price. Good ones may be found for as little as \$100.



3. SPIRAL NOTEBOOK

Taking notes by hand as I go from room to room is much more practical than using my computer. Information I learn about the house and its early occupants, a record of every picture I take, and my impressions and observations all go into one notebook for easy retrieval when I return home. The best bargain on notebooks is at dollar stores.



4. WHITE GLOVES

These protect photographs and documents from oil and dirt on my hands. In addition, since home-stored genealogical records are rarely in a dust-free environment, gloves eliminate the need for frequent hand washing. I keep a couple of pair in the bag so I can switch if one pair becomes dirty. The gloves can be found online by typing "white gloves" in a search engine. Be careful to get those recommended for handling photographs, since other kinds may be too thick to be practical. You can get a dozen for just a few dollars, but handling and shipping can double the price.



5. ADDRESS, PHONE NUMBER, AND HOURS OF THE LOCAL HISTORICAL SOCIETY

Historical societies can tell you nearby places to make copies of photographs and documents. If you find loose newspaper articles in your search, the society may be able to identify the publication and even date the story. If nothing else, you can learn about the history of the area to help put your ancestors' lives in context. Before leaving home, type the area you are visiting and "historical society" in a search engine. Mapquest.com or Google.com (click on **Maps**) can give you driving directions from your ancestral home to the local historical society.

Light, Fluffy Memories

BY LINDA GARTZ

I REMEMBER WATCHING my mother tear the fluffiest pancake I'd ever seen into chunks, crumbling it into the pan, sprinkling it with sugar, and serving it up with a side of family history as she talked about her own mother making Kaiserschmarren. According to Mom, the Austrian dish's name meant Emperor's Dessert, although in German a *schmarr* is also a cut or slash.

It was a treat to have my mother cook this special dish, and I got to help. Mom showed me how to separate an egg so we could beat the whites and

fold them into the dough. I learned to toss an egg yolk back and forth between two shell halves. Sometimes the rough edge of the shell pierced the yolk. I hated that.

This recipe was typed years ago by my mother and put into a cookbook she created for me and my siblings. When I received the book at age 20, I didn't recognize the effort she put into this wonderful creation. Now every time I make Kaiserschmarren, I think of my mother's gift of memories, which infuse every bite.

SEND IT IN

Have a heritage recipe you want to see in *Ancestry Magazine*? Submit it at www.ancestrymagazine.com/submit. Published recipes earn \$100.

Kaiserschmarren (Emperor's Dessert)

Four servings

1 cup sifted all-purpose flour
4 eggs, separated
1/8 teaspoon salt
1/2 teaspoon lemon extract
1 cup milk or cream
1/2 cup dried currants, rinsed in hot water, drained
2 tablespoons ground or grated toasted almonds (optional)
Butter for frying
Vanilla sugar

Sift flour into a bowl. Make a well in the center and add mixture of beaten egg yolks, salt, lemon extract, and a little of the milk. Mix well, adding more milk gradually. Add currants and almonds. Fold in egg whites, beaten stiff. Pour into a hot 10-inch skillet with about 2 tablespoons butter in it, making a 3/8-inch layer. Fry until golden on the bottom. Then tear into pieces with two forks, cook until brown on all sides. Repeat, making four pancakes. Serve hot, sprinkled with vanilla sugar.

Editor's note: Place approximately 1/4 of batter into pan for each pancake.





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Spectacular Tests with Rubber Balls and Wax Show How the ICE AGE May Return

BY GAYLORD JOHNSON

New Ice Age Coming, Says Noted Scientist
Human Race Will Once Again Battle for Its Existence With Glacial Torrent.

Pollution may be cause of earth's warming trend

Marines to mark anniversary

Government Scientist Fears Catastrophic Earth Warming

yesterday

To Freeze or Not to Freeze?

GLOBAL WARMING OR GLOBAL COOLING?

If journalists are to be trusted, the answer would depend on the decade. While talk—and science—point to warming as a very real problem today, in the not-so-distant past the bigger concern was the return of the ice age. Note, however, that ice age scares tended to be relatively short lived.



HOT AND COLD. Both ice ages and global warming have been predicted through the years. When? From top to bottom, the headlines were printed as follows: top—*Popular Science*, November 1936; *Oakland Tribune* (Oakland, California), 7 October 1912; *Bucks County Courier Times* (Levittown, Pennsylvania), 4 November 1976; *The Daily Report* (Ontario, California), 22 April 1970.

Tricky Ancestral Names?

FOR PRONUNCIATION OF Lithuanian, Magyar (Hungarian), Polish, or Romanian names, try <www.museumoffamilyhistory.com/sm.htm>. Scroll down the page for pronunciation guides, which include sound bites. If your branches reach further east, visit <www.csupomona.edu/~pronunciation> for hints, phonetic pronunciations, and sound samples of Asian names, including Cambodian, Cantonese, Mandarin, Filipino, Indonesian, Japanese, Korean, Thai, and Vietnamese names.



What's in Your Name?

BY DARA BLANCHETTE

JIM KILLEEN WAS SATISFYING his curiosity when he Googled his own name and found 24 other Jim Killeens. With little more than that name and sometimes an occupation, Jim contacted as many of them as he could track down.

Most of the Jim Killeens were skeptical, but seven eventually agreed to talk. Six, ranging in age from 35 to 60 and spanning the globe, agreed to appear in the film Killeen made documenting his search, *Google Me: The Movie*.

Killeen, who was hoping to find a namesake in the batch, found that ancestors of most of the six Jims came from Ireland and that his own family tree reaches back to an Irish town where one of the Jim Killeens lives today.

Besides a film, what did Killeen get for his trouble? A better sense of humanity. "There are all these other people walking around with the same label as me," says Killeen. "I was interested in what we shared as human beings. People are much more alike than different; everyone's purpose is to help other people."

Catch a preview of Jim Killeen's film at <www.googlemethemovie.com>.

Wish It Were Easier?

WISH IT WERE A LITTLE easier to access records from the National Archives? Your wish may soon come true. Ancestry.com is now sending technicians to NARA for onsite digitizing. Don't expect everything to happen at once, though—NARA's pockets are deep with history. But do expect to see new NARA records online at Ancestry.com on a regular basis.





Juxtaposition

BY COLLEEN FITZPATRICK, PH.D.

IF IT WERE POSSIBLE to record someone's personal schedule in sufficient detail, we could date any photograph of him or her. By comparing a moment-by-moment record of his or her life to the people and location shown in a picture, we could come up with a reasonably accurate year, date, and time a photo was taken. Unfortunately, this method of photo identification is unlikely and impractical, and most of our lives' moments have been donated anonymously to history.

But what if the person is famous and his face is recognized at a glance? And what if the photo contains not one, but *two* unrelated famous people who just *happen* to be photographed together? By finding the overlap between their schedules, is it possible to determine the date of the photo?

The photograph above shows two internationally recognized individuals who were photographed at the same place at the same time, although they probably never met. Can you identify them?

This picture of John Wayne (foreground) was featured in an article by Edward Jay Epstein in the 6 March 1978 edition of *People*, but the article had nothing to do with Wayne. It was a review of Epstein's new book, *Legend (1978)—Lee Harvey Oswald*. In researching the book, Epstein interviewed everyone he could find who knew Oswald, including John Marckx, who served with Oswald in Japan and the Philippines. Marckx took this inadvertent

picture of Oswald, intending to photograph Wayne.

When we featured the photograph on our website <www.forensicgenealogy.info>, we asked our readers to identify the two famous people and give an approximate date for the photo. By comparing Oswald's military schedule to John Wayne's filming activities, we narrowed down the possible dates to between 1957 and 1958 and the possible locations to El Toro Marine Base, California; Atsugi, Japan; and the island of Corregidor in the Philippines.

Mike Dalton, one of our top quizmasters, was able to narrow down the date and place further by going to the source of information. He visited his local library and found a copy of the edition of *People*, where the photo originally appeared.

According to the *People* article, Oswald's marine company landed at Cubic Point, the Philippines, in mid-January 1958. About a week and a half later they were at the island of Corregidor some 40 miles away. At that time, when John Wayne was on a break from filming *The Barbarian and the Geisha* in the Philippines, he visited Corregidor to have lunch with Marine officers. He flew out later in the day. The photo was taken between about 15 January and 7 March 1958, the date Oswald's Marine company departed on the LST *Wexford County* for its return trip to Japan.

And the rest is history.

If WISHES Were ANCESTORS

WHAT IF YOU COULD HANDPICK the people sitting in your family tree? Would you choose rich ancestors? Beautiful ones? Ancestors who could get you the best seats at the finest restaurants or the kind whose mere mention would get you out of a parking ticket? Would healthy relatives be your choice? Great storytellers? Or would you just want to have relatives you might have had a chance to meet because they lived to be 100 years old—or more?

We challenged four family historians with the task of selecting people for their own dream trees—but we did so with a hitch: each would-be relative would have to fit very specific criteria. *Albuquerque Tribune* columnist Mary Penner was asked to pick ancestors because of the material goods she would have inherited from each. Katherine Hope Borges, founder of the International Society of Genetic Genealogy, was to select ancestors because of their DNA. Aha! Seminars president and author of *The Official Guide to Ancestry.com*, George G. Morgan, was asked to pick ancestors simply based on the fact that each left a great trail of records. And *Ancestry Magazine* columnist Myra Vanderpool Gormley was asked to fill her family tree with people whose lives and tales would make good cocktail party conversation.

So who did they choose?
See for yourself.



When the Goods Are Better

Eye color, hair color, height, and even some of our personality traits are inherited. But so are good old-fashioned material possessions. While we know that no self-respecting family historian is in the hunt for a financial windfall, it's fun to dream, right? That's what we asked Albuquerque Tribune columnist and family history pro Mary Penner to do: dream. And make sure those dreams come with an inheritance.

While meandering through my ancestral past, I've discovered many wills written by my ancestors. Not one of them mentions me—not too surprising, since most of them died before I was born.

Even so, some of my ancestors could have had the forethought to pass down something special to an appreciative descendant (like me). Most of my ancestors' wills, though, list practical objects like chairs, kitchen paraphernalia, and farm equipment. One ancestor thoughtfully bequeathed to his oldest son the gift that kept on giving—his moonshine still. But that inherited gem somehow didn't make it to my generation.

While my family tree has its share of notorious and interesting characters, they didn't dabble in national or international affairs or hobnob with the rich and famous. No personal letters penned by George Washington, no Civil War officer swords, and no expensive doodads from Paris sit on my mantle.

What do I wish I had inherited? Pencil these five dream ancestors into my family tree, and I'd consider myself a spectacularly spoiled descendant.



A great writer. I'm not picky about this dream ancestor. Any of my favorite authors would do: Shakespeare, Poe, Twain, Dickinson, Wordsworth, Whitman, Thoreau. I once worked with a woman who was a descendant of Charles Dickens. That impressed the heck out of me. In addition to bragging rights about my famous literary ancestor, I would love to have inherited documents penned by the author—notes, drafts of manuscripts, even everyday correspondence. Just the thought of having a document handled by Thoreau with words he scribbled on it sends shivers through my writer's veins.



Abraham Lincoln. Having presidents in your family tree is an ancestral windfall because their lives, and their genealogies, are well documented. Actually, I do have a president in a side branch of my tree—

John Tyler—but Lincoln trumps Tyler any day. Lincoln's iconic stature in American history is hard to beat.

I would have liked to have inherited an original photograph of President Lincoln. Many photos were taken of his famously chiseled face, which may not have landed him on the cover of a 19th-century GQ. Yet there's something about his countenance that's both inspiring and haunting. A daily glance at Abe in my family tree would remind me about his life and times and also about what's important in life.



An ambitious entrepreneur. Sure, my ancestors were hard workers. But they spent most of their time working to keep a rickety roof over their heads and feed the dozen children running around the four-room farmhouse. They weren't wheeling and dealing their way to wealth.

But Maybe They're Your Ancestors

So you want to know how to find out if any of Mary's dream ancestors are in *your* family tree? Try her tips:

1. Search for ancestors with literary talents in the massive Literature Resource Center available online through many public and school library websites. The LRC includes databases, such as the Dictionary of Literary Biography and Merriam-Webster's Encyclopedia of Literature, where you'll find thousands of author biographies.
2. Read all about U.S. presidents on this University of Virginia website <<http://millercenter.org/academic/americanpresident>>. Also, check for presidential genealogies in print and online.
3. See if your entrepreneurial ancestor could afford a Tiffany lamp by scanning Schedules of Manufacturers. These statistics related to individual businesses and industries were gathered in several 19th-century census years. Visit the National Archives website for an overview: <www.archives.gov/genealogy/census/nonpopulation/#mfg>.
4. Hoping for Dutch ancestors or maybe even Rembrandt? Take a look at the Genlias website <<http://genlias.nl>>. Search the more than 45 million names extracted from civil registers, which include births, deaths, and marriages. Don't read Dutch? Click on the "English" tab at the top of the page.
5. Even if your ancestors didn't drive a hot rod, they surely used something besides their own two feet to get around. Check out the "Transportation History" page at Encyclopedia Smithsonian <www.si.edu/Encyclopedia_SI/Science_and_Technology/Transportation_Technology.htm> to discover how your ancestors got from point A to point B. You may find something equally as cool.

Money isn't on my wish list, though. After a generation or two of reckless heirs, the trickle-down trust fund would probably be nearly dry. I wish I had a wealthy entrepreneurial ancestor who had left me an exquisitely crafted Tiffany lamp straight from the sitting room of the cavernous family mansion. That would be a thing of beauty in my humble family room.



Rembrandt. Whenever I see one of Rembrandt's paintings, drawings, or etchings, I'm left stunned. More than once I've stumbled through museums dabbing tears from my eyes after absorbing the sheer weight of his genius. His artistic eye was an extraordinary gift, and fortunately he exercised his gift often. The 17th-century Dutch artist was downright prolific, creating more than 2,000 works—plenty to hand down through the centuries to art-loving posterity.

I wish I had my own private collection, direct from the master himself. That way, when I looked at them, I could cry in private and not make a spectacle of myself in public.



A hot-rod-loving car junkie. I never felt cooler in my entire life than when I drove my brother's 1969 Corvette Stingray. It was a gas-guzzling, bone-rattling, eardrum-splitting machine, and I loved it. When that car rocketed

down the highway, it felt like it pulled up the pavement in its wake; it was that mean and that sweet.

These days muscle cars typically flunk the environment-friendly test. Nevertheless, I wish I had a fast-car-loving ancestor who left me my very own hot rod, just to take out for Sunday afternoon spins. Sweet.

So, those would be my dream inheritances from my dream ancestors. My real ancestors didn't leave me any heirlooms that would cause a stir on *Antiques Roadshow*. But I do have my grandmother's watch and my grandfather's pipe. Valuable? No. Sentimental? Yes. In reality, though, I inherited something from all of my ancestors far more valuable than any of my dream inheritances: I got my grandparents, my parents, my aunts and uncles, my siblings, my nieces and nephews, and my daughter. Sweet.

According to Science ...

*Which would you find more fascinating—an ancestor who drove a fancy car or an ancestor who invented that car? If science is your raison d'être, odds are good that you have DNA results lurking somewhere behind the family tree. But what if you had your choice of DNA—who would be in your family tree then? That, says **Katherine Hope Borges**, founder of the International Society of Genetic Genealogy, would depend on what you wanted to learn or earn from that DNA. Borges would suggest the following:*

In screenwriting, there is a term called a “MacGuffin,” which is the plot device that motivates the characters. It is the statuette in the *Maltese Falcon*. It is the Ark of the Covenant in *Raiders of the Lost Ark*. In genetic genealogy, it is having the DNA that everyone wants. The following is a list of my top five DNA MacGuffins:



Royal DNA. Czar Nicholas

Romanov, Czarina Alexandra, Prince Philip, and Marie Antoinette all have published DNA profiles. While the Romanovs and Marie Antoinette do

not have any living descendants, a DNA match to them may reveal that you share a common ancestor. The biggest royal MacGuffin might be “Niall of the Nine Hostages,” a legendary fifth-century Irish High King (who may or may not, in fact, be a legend). Niall is one of the most prolific of royal progenitors, and as many as 3 million men are estimated to carry his Y-chromosome. A match with Niall not only reveals descent from his clan but also confirms Irish DNA. I have yet to locate a relative who matches Niall, but perhaps I will when a Kennedy cousin tests.

Do genealogy DNA tests reveal medical information?

Usually no. However, 2007 saw the debut of several new DNA companies offering “personal genome” (PG) tests. These tests are not diagnostic medical tests and will not tell you if you have a disease or disorder, but whether you have an increased risk for an ailment compared to the general population. PG tests range in cost from \$900 to \$350,000. Most companies provide very detailed information, and some employ on-staff genetic counselors to answer questions. PG tests do contain ancestry-related DNA results, but this same information is available from other companies at more affordable prices. The exception would be the “full genomic sequence” (FGS) mitochondrial test, the most refined genealogical DNA test for your direct maternal lineage. The FGS test may reveal a predisposition to a mitochondrial disorder, though this seems to occur rarely. To learn more about PG tests, visit www.isogg.org/pgt.htm.



Mayflower DNA. I often wonder whether, when Dr. Samuel, *Mayflower* passenger and Compact signer, set foot on Plymouth Rock, his DNA changed right along with the change he made by colonizing the New

World. While I don't know for certain if the famed change in Fuller DNA occurred in Dr. Samuel or in his son Samuel, I do know his son had it and passed it on to his sons. What change? A very rare mutation. Samuel Jr. is known to have had DYS 393=12, whereas his brother, Edward, and his cousin, Robert Fuller of Rehoboth, had DYS 393=13.

In the genetics world, this mutation is akin to hitting the DNA jackpot. This is because that rare change in the DNA identifies a specific ancestor. If Dr. Samuel Fuller was my ancestor, not only would this allow me to join the General Society of Mayflower Descendants, but I would be thrilled to claim this unique Pilgrim and progenitor of very unique DNA in the New World.

Jewish DNA. Judaism is a religion, but because people who practiced Judaism tended to marry within their religion, this has created a "Founder Effect" in which their DNA has been passed down the generations, creating the ability to identify "Jewish DNA." My earliest known maternal-line ancestor immigrated to the United States from Ireland during the potato famine. Much to my surprise, my mitochondrial DNA, or mtDNA, does not fall into any of the groups that are common in Ireland, but rather is one of the known maternal Ashkenazi Founder lineages—with the exception of one little letter in the DNA. In one scientific study, that changed letter says I am not Jewish. A later scientific study includes Ashkenazi lineages with my change. Do I have Jewish DNA or not? Who knows when advances in DNA testing might answer that question.



Native American DNA. My father-in-law once told me that he thought he had Native American ancestry. I never found a paper trail for it, so I thought I might try DNA. I tested my son's autosomal DNA, and his results were 92 percent Caucasian and 8 percent East Asian. I was perplexed by the East Asian result, but later learned that Native American DNA sometimes returns East Asian results. I know that I don't have any Native American ancestry in my heritage, but there is still



the possibility that my children do. DNA testing for Native American ancestry may realize a dream for some people. Some Native American tribes are examining the use of DNA to qualify for tribal membership, and at least one tribe has already accepted it.

Getting Answers—Fast

The quickest way to discover your genetic ancestry is by taking a DNA test and then uploading the results to all available databases for comparison. For Y-chromosome results, upload to <www.ysearch.org> and <www.ybase.org>. For mitochondrial DNA results, upload to <www.mitosearch.org>, or you can upload both Y- and mtDNA results to <dna.ancestry.com>. Each of these sites lets you upload results from other DNA testing companies and provides an opportunity to contact your genetic matches. Remember, if you are a female but you want to know about Y-DNA, you will need to test male relatives from the line you are researching. For example, if you are a female Fuller, you will need to test your father, brother, or Fuller-surnamed cousin to discover whether you are related to the *Mayflower* Fullers.

How close are you to fame, genetically speaking? You can compare DNA results on the "Famous DNA" pages maintained by the International Society of Genetic Genealogy (ISOGG) at <www.isogg.org>.

And if you follow all of these steps and don't find a match, don't be discouraged. DNA testing is still a relatively new tool for genealogists, and while hundreds of thousands of people have taken tests, that's a small percentage when compared to the total population. As the databases grow, you never know who you might find in your genetic family tree, so check back often.

Famous DNA. Everyone is descended from a common ancestor at some point in time, thus making us all cousins, but how often do we have the documentation to claim kinship to celebrities? Without DNA testing, I would not know that I am more closely related to *Today*



show host Ann Curry than I am to Katie Couric. Granted, our common ancestor lived at some point within the last 60,000 years, but if it was not for this technology—and the fact that it's often very easy to find family history information on famous people—I wouldn't have this knowledge. So what are you waiting for? A simple swab of saliva from inside your cheek may be all that is separating you from knowing your DNA dream MacGuffins.

Start with the Easy Ones

Not every task has to be a challenge. Whether you're making dinner or remodeling the living room, it's nice to hit an occasional stretch of road in which you get to coast. Same thing holds true with family history: when you're ready for a little break in a tough-to-populate tree, finding an easy-to-locate relative who left plenty of records can be a nice diversion.

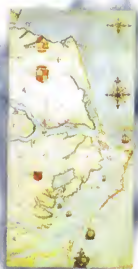
*Who would **George G. Morgan**, author of The Official Guide to Ancestry.com, want to find in his family tree on those days he was craving a bit of rest and relaxation? Here's who he chose. And why.*



Theodore Roosevelt. Teddy

Roosevelt is one of my favorite historical figures. He was a dynamic individual who filled many roles: naturalist, explorer, author, soldier, governor of New York, Secretary of the Navy, and 26th president of the United States. He was responsible for breaking up corporate monopolies

and trusts and encouraged "the Square Deal" for average citizens. He led the Rough Riders in Cuba in the Spanish-American War. He negotiated control of the Panama Canal and its construction. A dedicated conservationist, he championed the creation and preservation of national parks. He won the Nobel Peace Prize for negotiating an end to the Russo-Japanese War. I'd like to be descended from this heroic man so that I would have an excuse to read and research more about him.



Lost Colonists of Roanoke Colony. The story of the Roanoke Colony has long fascinated me. Sir Walter Raleigh was granted a charter by Queen Elizabeth I to colonize Virginia. A first settlement was established on Roanoke Island on the outer banks of present-day North Carolina in 1585 but was abandoned in 1586 after relations with the Indians deteriorated. A second group of colonists

arrived in July 1587 and sought to reestablish friendly relations with the local Indian tribes. Virginia Dare was the first English child born in the New World, arriving on 18 August 1587. A relief ship arrived three years later to find the settlement deserted.

What happened to the colonists? Theories abound, including one that suggests the colonists were assimilated into the local native tribes. It would be wonderful to work

with the Lost Colony Center for Science and Research <www.lost-colony.com> to help analyze this theory using DNA. Not only would I have the opportunity to learn more about genetic genealogical research, it would be terrific to help finally solve this historic mystery. Plus, if there were an ancestor from the Roanoke Colony in my family tree, I'd have little problem finding out more about his or her life as a colonist through the volume of material that has been published about the group. Finding out what happened to that relative after the colony's demise? Well that's another wish entirely.



Margaret "Maggie"

(or Maggy) Tobin was born in Hannibal, Missouri, in 1867. She grew up to become a gutsy, ambitious young woman who wanted to care for her family. She moved

to Colorado and in 1886 married miner J. J. Brown, who became wealthy through gold and copper mining. They moved to Denver, became part of local society, and were great philanthropists.

Maggie's claim to fame? She survived the sinking of the *Titanic* by taking command of her lifeboat and rallying her fellow survivors. Her heroic efforts won her the nickname of "the unsinkable Molly Brown." She went on to become a national political and social figure, an author, and a great patron of the arts. Her rags-to-riches history is well documented in census records; city directories; marriage, divorce, and death records; newspaper and magazine reports; and biographical works. Her courage and determination are a source of inspiration. And her life? Even Hollywood found it fascinating.

Not All Politicians Are Bad.

Politicians are a boon to researchers. Yesterday and today, their every move is recorded by the press, and their very public job means you'll have no problem finding a trail of legal acts a politician made (some personal ones will probably show up, too). Where should you look? After you've looked in the usual haunts, like census records, move to newspapers, government documents and proceedings, and history books. You may also find published collections of their letters, transcriptions of official meetings, copies of their signatures on documents, photos and biographies in local—and sometimes grander—histories, and more. Be sure to check sources including the National Union Catalog of Manuscripts Collections <www.loc.gov/coll/nucmc> and state historical societies.



Meriwether Lewis and William Clark, better known as Lewis and Clark in history books, are two men I wish had been my ancestors. Their historic expedition began on 31 August 1803 in Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania.

They then traveled to the Pacific Ocean and returned to St. Louis a little more than three years later. Along the way, they created maps and wrote descriptions of the areas they traveled, and they observed and documented 178 plants and 122 animal species and subspecies.

The exploration of Lewis and Clark expanded knowledge of the West and interest in westward settlement. In the process, they encountered and established the first diplomatic relations with the Native Americans in the areas they visited. My love of geography, old maps, and history fuels

Watch What You Wish For

You may wish you were related to famous or fascinating people. Your “dream ancestors” can be individuals or groups of people who inspire you or pique your interest. They may be some of the most remarkable people in history—or they may be your own ancestors and relatives.

You may determine that your “dream ancestor” is someone with a unique character or personality trait, someone who has fame or notoriety, or someone who is wealthy or has enjoyed extraordinary luck. He or she may have taken some action or achieved something that makes you eager to research and learn more. But those factors don’t have to mean he or she was famous.

Regardless of who you consider to be your own “dream ancestors,” you will always want to research every possible resource to learn more. That will include the places where they lived and the historical events of the times and their roles in them. You will want to learn more about the social and political conditions that influenced them, their hopes and dreams, and the details of their everyday lives.

Start with what you think you know about the person or group, and then research and verify that and other new information you discover. Work backwards, document and record your findings, and cite your source evidence. In the process, go beyond census records and birth, marriage, and death certificates (these should be some of your first steps): exhaust city directories, local histories, newspapers, and of course documents you’ll find in your own attic or those of relatives. Find out what you can at the next family reunion. Post questions on message boards. Conduct name searches in the obvious places—Ancestry.com and RootsWeb—as well as through search engines, including Google.

Your goal is to learn everything about the person or people, place them in context of their place in time, and really get to know them. Along the way, you will learn more about genealogy research and will discover more about yourself.

my interest in having either of these two pioneering explorers in my family tree. The fact that tracing their footsteps is simple; that their lives are well documented in their own journals, print, and even a Ken Burns film; and that their travels helped shape America would make them wonderful finds in a family tree.



John Pierpont Morgan. Finally, I am often asked if I descended from any famous Morgans. My response? All of my Morgan ancestors were farmers and merchants in North Carolina. If I could change that, however, one of my dream ancestors would have been John Pierpont Morgan, the American financier, banker, and philanthro-

pist. He was responsible for building General Electric, U.S. Steel, and a huge financial empire. A nice inheritance from J.P. Morgan’s estate would always be welcome, but even if I were from a side of the family that received no monetary bequest, the paper trail and corporate histories associated with J.P. Morgan’s business endeavors would provide me with endless reading.

Back to my reality, my true Grandfather Morgan was a banker, but his bank failed during the Great Depression. Still, I am forever proud of him and his accomplishments. I am even more pleased that I don’t have to dream about him being one of my ancestors—I have the documents and memories to prove that he already is.

If It’s Stories You Want

Forget money, genes, and research luck—there’s something that trumps them all: good, old-fashioned stories, the kind that keep people mesmerized at dinner parties and put the teller center stage. Those stories are even better when they come from someone in your family tree.

And who knows a good ancestor story better than Ancestry Magazine’s own Myra Vanderpool Gormley, whose own family tree holds some of the most colorful scoundrels anyone could ever hope to find. Now, if that tree sprouted a few more branches, who would Gormley want sitting there?

Picking only five dream ancestors out of the multitude that could be classified as American legends was more difficult than picking an all-time all-star baseball team. However, in the spirit of diversity and my personal interest, I’d probably want the following at my next family reunion:



Indian Princess. Pocahontas (a.k.a. Matoaka and Rebecca; 1595–1617), daughter of the Algonquian chief Powhatan, is the Indian “princess”—a misnomer apparently created by the English. She was only about 23 when she died, but, by the Englishman John Rolfe, she left a son, Thomas. Thomas

Rolfe married Jane Poythress, and their only child, Jane Rolfe, married Colonel Robert Bolling—and from that line come numerous illustrious descendants.

Wayne Newton, the Las Vegas entertainer, claims to be a descendant of Pocahontas; if so, he would certainly add some glitz to my family tree. The Pocahontas link also would give me a rich, early Virginia pedigree.



Salem Witch. Rebecca Towne Nurse (1621–1692) of Salem, Massachusetts, was 71 years old when she was hanged on 19 July 1692. Two of her sisters—Mary Eastey and Sarah Cloyce—also were accused of witchcraft. (Mary

was hanged on 22 September 1692, while Sarah was transferred to confinement in her home and then removed to Framingham, where she died in 1703.) Several years earlier their mother had been accused of witchcraft, but she was never tried. However, local gossip during the infamous 1692 trials suggested that the witch profession was handed down from mother to daughters.

Rebecca, Mary, and Sarah were the daughters of William Towne and Joanna Blessing of Great Yarmouth, Norfolk, England. Their family settled in Salem Village in 1640. About 1645 Rebecca Towne married Francis Nurse, a tray maker. They had eight children. Rebecca frequently attended church,

Learning About a Witch in the Family Tree

Plenty of stories have been written about the infamous Salem witch trials, but for family history information, Gormley suggests the following works by Gary Boyd Roberts:

Article: “Notable Kin: The Progeny of ‘Witches’ and ‘Wizards’: Some Descendants of the Rev. George Burroughs and William and Joanna (Blessing) Towne, Parents of Mary Easty and Rebecca Nurse,” *NEHGS NEXUS* 9 (1992).

Book: *Notable Kin, Volume Two* (Santa Clarita, Calif.: Carl Boyer 3rd, 1999), 79–86. Look at the bibliography for ancestors and progeny of 15 witchcraft victims who left more than two generations of known descendants.

and her family was well respected. She had “acquired a reputation for exemplary piety that was virtually unchallenged in the community”—making her one of the first “unlikely” witches to be accused.

Much has been written about Rebecca Towne Nurse, including articles, books, plays, and several movies. With her historical place in America firmly documented and with her family’s English roots, she would make an excellent addition to my pedigree, which has a need of some New England–English branches and a pious, brave woman.



Frontiersman and Politician. Davy Crockett, whose real name was David Stern Crockett, was a legend in his own time. He was born in 1786 in eastern Tennessee. Charismatic and a natural storyteller, Davy Crockett enthralled his audiences. However, he used some rough and probably exaggerated

images of himself as a soldier (War of 1812) and hunter to win elections.

He served two terms in the Tennessee Legislature and then was elected to the U.S. Congress, where he served from 1827 through 1833. After years as a Jacksonian Democrat, he broke ties with President Andrew Jackson regarding Western settlers and the Cherokees and became a Whig. Upon being defeated by a narrow margin for a fourth term in Congress, Crockett commented, “Since you have chosen to elect a man with a timber toe to succeed me, you may all go to hell and I will go to Texas.”

And he did—dying at the Alamo along with one of my kinsmen, Micajah Autry.

Perching Davy Crockett in the family tree would add a colorful character in a coonskin cap and evidently some more French blood. If, as some claim, his Crockett line winds back to France, where the surname was *de Crocketagne*, it would force me to brush up on my high school French.

Hmm. *Davy, Davy de Crocketagne, King of the Wild Frontier*. Alas, it doesn’t have quite the right ring, does it?



Iconic Wild West Character. From dozens of potential candidates, I think Wyatt Berry Stapp Earp (1848–1929) fills the bill. Plus, I have already done some family research on him.

Earp was a farmer, teamster, buffalo hunter, lawman, gambler, saloonkeeper, miner, and adventurer. He wandered back and forth across the West and as

far north as Nome, Alaska. While best known for his participation in the “gunfight at the O.K. Corral” in Tombstone, Arizona, along with Doc Holliday and two of his brothers, Virgil and Morgan, he’s been the subject of various movies, TV shows, biographies, and works of fiction.

I first encountered Wyatt Earp in Dodge City, Kansas, when I visited its Boot Hill Cemetery. At the time we lived in western Kansas, and that early introduction to him, Bat Masterson, and other Wild West personalities whetted my appetite to learn more.

The seven or eight women who married or lived with Wyatt and his brothers add spice and mystery to a tree that has more than its share of bigger-than-life individuals. Researching this family dispelled many myths and preconceived notions I had about 19th-century Midwestern folks and how they conducted themselves. There’s a lot that the history books don’t tell us.

Recently a nebulous clue turned up in Iowa that might link my family to Wyatt Earp. Now that would be ironic if after all these years I discover we are cousins.

Oregon Trail Emigrants.

I was 16 the summer we first visited Independence Rock in Wyoming, where I learned that years earlier some 19th-century travelers had carved their names on it. In a defining moment, an early interest in family history was created.

I wondered if any of my family had been there before and if so, had they carved their names?

During the migration on the Oregon Trail, the wagon parties bound for Oregon or California usually left the Missouri River in the early spring and attempted to reach Independence Rock near the Sweetwater River by 4 July. By doing so, they greatly enhanced their chances of reaching their destinations before the first mountain snowfalls.

While I didn’t find any names that I recognized that day, I realized I could have had some unknown cousins or relatives who made the trek to the West Coast. Turned out I was right.

Between 1843 and 1869, the number of overland emigrants was probably close to 500,000. Some of them left diaries or journals, which are rich in details about the trip and include names of others—and sometimes family history nuggets. Many pioneers of the West were interviewed, and their stories have been compiled and preserved in various localities. They tell fascinating tales of adventure, trag-

edy, and personal histories that are just waiting for family members to uncover.

Wagons, ho! I can hardly wait to add some more overland emigrants to my tree.

When Everyone Knows Your Family Story

INTERVIEW BY JANET BERNICE JEYS

It can be a struggle sometimes to find your own family history, but is it better on the other side—when everyone knows your family history? In 2007, *Ancestry Magazine* asked Christopher Haley, nephew of *Roots* author Alex Haley, about growing up in the Western world’s most well-known family tree.

Ancestry Magazine: What was it like having such a famous family history?

Christopher Haley: I distinctly remember wondering what it would be like to have a famous relative a few years before *Roots* hit. But my daydreams didn’t prepare me for the overwhelming reaction to the book and TV series. I can’t tell you how often I heard, “Oh, so you know all about your family!” Every time I heard that statement, I thought about my mother, who knew nothing about her past. My feelings for her, more than anything else, made me want to do genealogy to honor her. I sometimes think that’s fitting, too, since *Roots* traces Bertha’s story—mother to my father and Uncle Alex.

AM: But how much more *can* a person research?

CH: If you’re going to do your family history, you owe it to yourself and those who come after you to research all the way—and to remember that you can be empowered or disempowered by what you experience and know in your life. The spiritual and historical path you and those before you traveled is as important as the biological path in bringing you to where you are today. No one should attempt to tell a family story by looking only at their bloodline; look at the “loveline,” too. This relationship line affects who a person is, and who they are affects where they are, what they do, and who they eventually meet.

AM: Why were people so captivated by your family’s story?

CH: Nobody would care if it was just Alex Haley writing about his Aunt Elizabeth, mother Bertha, and Chicken George. But because people know they also had a great-great-grandmother, grandfather, and other ancestors, they watched, they read, and now they try to tell stories of their own.

Editor’s note: Christopher Haley is still very involved in personal history—he serves as the Director of the Study of the Legacy of Slavery for the Maryland State Archives.



Are We in Line for the Polish Throne?



Editor's note: When we asked for family legends, you sent us hundreds of stories—here's the first of many we'll be featuring (this one answered by expert Ceil Wendt Jensen). If you have a legend you'd like us to prove, send the story and your contact information to editor@ancestrymagazine.com. Due to the volume of submissions, we won't be able to answer every one. But if we pick yours, you'll be the first to know.

Dear Ancestry Magazine:

My relative Wojcieck Aldberto (George Albert) Kalisz was born in January 1870 in Moszezenca, Galacia-Poland. He was Catholic, immigrated to America in 1895, and married Ann Mojaska three years later in Massachusetts.

Legend has it that Kalisz was not Wojcieck's real surname. The story goes that he was a first cousin to a king of Poland, was in the Polish army, and jumped ship when they came to the United States.

Wojcieck's marriage license and church marriage certificates show blank spaces where his father's name should be. The rest of the people are listed as follows:

Mother's maiden name:	Maryanna Kalisz
Bride:	Maryann Majoska
Bride's parents:	Anna Kukla and Augustyn Mojaska
Witnesses:	Brigida Kalisz and John Kukla

Incidentally, I have no idea who Brigida is—I've never heard of her.

Wojcieck's death certificate lists "AKA Kollis" after Kalisz and a blank space for his father's name. The only way I can think of to find out the name of his father would be to get the church record of Wojcieck's baptism in Poland. Can you help?

—Jeannette R. Kalisz Echols

timeline

It's in the Cards

BY TANA PEDERSEN LORD

Tarot cards. Crystal balls. Psychics. Fortune cookies. Whether you're a believer or not, you can't deny that mortals have spent thousands of years trying to unlock the mysteries of the supernatural and change their fates by divining the future.

(ca. 2000 BC)

You have probably heard that Druids were pagan tree worshippers. What you might not know is that they are actually the religious leaders of Celtic tribes who practice the ancient art of scrying. Using mirrors, polished crystals, or even bowls of water, the Druids could peer into the past or foresee the future.



WHEN I READ JEANNETTE'S FAMILY LEGEND I was struck by the similarity to one of my ancestor's stories. My grandfather also used his mother's maiden name as his surname. He was born out of wedlock in Poland and went to great lengths to keep what he felt was a shameful fact from his children. I suspect the same might be true in Jeannette's case.

The story that Wojcieck might be a first cousin to a king of Poland is fanciful—the last king of Poland, Stanisław II August Poniatowski, lived from 1732 to 1798 and Wojcieck wasn't born until 1870. But this might be a clue to the surname of the birth father. To help prove this legend, it would be a good idea to note the surnames of the kings of Poland: Jagiełło, Sobieski, Batory, Waza, Wiśniowiecki, Leszczyński, and Poniatowski.

To clarify Jeannette's family legend, I started by putting Wojcieck's name into the proper Polish form: Wojciech (*Adalbert* is the German form and *Adalbertus* the Latin form of his first name). Some Polish Americans used *George* instead of the Slavic *Wojciech*, although it is not a literal translation. I also corrected the spelling of Galicia and Moszczenica to find the current geographic description: Moszczenica, Gorlice, Małopolskie, Poland.

While the Polish king relationship didn't work out, what about Wojciech's arrival in America—jumping ship while in the Polish army? Unfortunately, in 1895 there was not a standing Polish army; however, Poles in Galicia were required to serve in the Austro-Hungarian army.

There is a translation online of the history of Moszczenica that mentions 99 residents who left the village between 1880 and 1890 and another 911 villagers who left between 1890 and 1920 because of harsh economic conditions <www.narodowa.pl/Polonica/03/eksponat.htm>. This may have been Wojciech's motivation for coming to America.

I searched for Wojciech's passage to America using Ancestry.com. I entered Woj* and Kali*—with names like this, it's usually best to enter a syllable instead of a full name. I found a Wojcieck Kalis, an Austrian arriving in

New York Passenger Lists, 1820-1957 about Wojcieck Kalis

Name:	Wojcieck Kalis
Arrival Date:	4 Mar 1895
Estimated Birth Year:	abt 1870
Age:	25
Gender:	Male
Port of Departure:	Amsterdam, Netherlands
Place of Origin:	Austria
Ethnicity/Race-/Nationality:	Austrian
Ship Name:	Zaandam
Search Ship Database:	Search the Zaandam in the 'Passenger Ships and Images' database
Port of Arrival:	New York, New York
Line:	16
Microfilm Serial:	M237
Microfilm Roll:	M237_637



[View Passenger List](#)

(750 BC)

Vapors emanate from a crevice in the earth. A priestess hunches over the mist in a trance, muttering unintelligibly. In ancient Greece, *this* is your psychic hotline. Kings and peasants alike come from distant lands to consult the spirit of Apollo at the oracle of Delphi. Many a war was started—or avoided—based on the priestess's say-so.



(400 BC)

Did your doctor read your palm during your last yearly checkup? No? Maybe she should have. Greek physician Hippocrates (otherwise known as the “father of medicine”) is known to use palmistry to help diagnosis his patients.



(ca. 200)

Almost 2,000 years before Freud proposes that dreams are simply wish fulfillment, Greek diviner Artemidorus writes his own book on dream interpretation, *Oneirocritica*.

No.	Name as Full	Sex	Age	Birth or Baptism	Place of Birth or Baptism	Place of Arrival	Place of Residence	Place of Death	Year of Death
45	John Kugle	M	25	1865	Poland	New York	New York	New York	1921
46	John Kugle	M	25	1865	Poland	New York	New York	New York	1921
47	John Kugle	M	25	1865	Poland	New York	New York	New York	1921
48	John Kugle	M	25	1865	Poland	New York	New York	New York	1921
49	John Kugle	M	25	1865	Poland	New York	New York	New York	1921
50	John Kugle	M	25	1865	Poland	New York	New York	New York	1921
51	John Kugle	M	25	1865	Poland	New York	New York	New York	1921
52	John Kugle	M	25	1865	Poland	New York	New York	New York	1921
53	John Kugle	M	25	1865	Poland	New York	New York	New York	1921
54	John Kugle	M	25	1865	Poland	New York	New York	New York	1921
55	John Kugle	M	25	1865	Poland	New York	New York	New York	1921
56	John Kugle	M	25	1865	Poland	New York	New York	New York	1921
57	John Kugle	M	25	1865	Poland	New York	New York	New York	1921
58	John Kugle	M	25	1865	Poland	New York	New York	New York	1921
59	John Kugle	M	25	1865	Poland	New York	New York	New York	1921
60	John Kugle	M	25	1865	Poland	New York	New York	New York	1921
61	John Kugle	M	25	1865	Poland	New York	New York	New York	1921
62	John Kugle	M	25	1865	Poland	New York	New York	New York	1921
63	John Kugle	M	25	1865	Poland	New York	New York	New York	1921
64	John Kugle	M	25	1865	Poland	New York	New York	New York	1921
65	John Kugle	M	25	1865	Poland	New York	New York	New York	1921
66	John Kugle	M	25	1865	Poland	New York	New York	New York	1921
67	John Kugle	M	25	1865	Poland	New York	New York	New York	1921
68	John Kugle	M	25	1865	Poland	New York	New York	New York	1921
69	John Kugle	M	25	1865	Poland	New York	New York	New York	1921
70	John Kugle	M	25	1865	Poland	New York	New York	New York	1921
71	John Kugle	M	25	1865	Poland	New York	New York	New York	1921
72	John Kugle	M	25	1865	Poland	New York	New York	New York	1921
73	John Kugle	M	25	1865	Poland	New York	New York	New York	1921
74	John Kugle	M	25	1865	Poland	New York	New York	New York	1921
75	John Kugle	M	25	1865	Poland	New York	New York	New York	1921
76	John Kugle	M	25	1865	Poland	New York	New York	New York	1921
77	John Kugle	M	25	1865	Poland	New York	New York	New York	1921
78	John Kugle	M	25	1865	Poland	New York	New York	New York	1921
79	John Kugle	M	25	1865	Poland	New York	New York	New York	1921
80	John Kugle	M	25	1865	Poland	New York	New York	New York	1921
81	John Kugle	M	25	1865	Poland	New York	New York	New York	1921
82	John Kugle	M	25	1865	Poland	New York	New York	New York	1921
83	John Kugle	M	25	1865	Poland	New York	New York	New York	1921
84	John Kugle	M	25	1865	Poland	New York	New York	New York	1921
85	John Kugle	M	25	1865	Poland	New York	New York	New York	1921
86	John Kugle	M	25	1865	Poland	New York	New York	New York	1921
87	John Kugle	M	25	1865	Poland	New York	New York	New York	1921
88	John Kugle	M	25	1865	Poland	New York	New York	New York	1921
89	John Kugle	M	25	1865	Poland	New York	New York	New York	1921
90	John Kugle	M	25	1865	Poland	New York	New York	New York	1921
91	John Kugle	M	25	1865	Poland	New York	New York	New York	1921
92	John Kugle	M	25	1865	Poland	New York	New York	New York	1921
93	John Kugle	M	25	1865	Poland	New York	New York	New York	1921
94	John Kugle	M	25	1865	Poland	New York	New York	New York	1921
95	John Kugle	M	25	1865	Poland	New York	New York	New York	1921
96	John Kugle	M	25	1865	Poland	New York	New York	New York	1921
97	John Kugle	M	25	1865	Poland	New York	New York	New York	1921
98	John Kugle	M	25	1865	Poland	New York	New York	New York	1921
99	John Kugle	M	25	1865	Poland	New York	New York	New York	1921
100	John Kugle	M	25	1865	Poland	New York	New York	New York	1921

New York on 4 March 1895 at age 25. He traveled on the *Zaandam* and had departed from Amsterdam. His age, year of arrival, place of origin, and the phonetic spelling of his name seem to match Jeannette's ancestor. As for being labeled Austrian, Galicia was governed by Austria in 1895.

I found Wojciech again in the 1900 U.S. census. This time, however, I had to search for someone else to get to him. Looking at the names on his marriage certificate, I searched for witness/best man John Kukla. I knew from Kukla's Hamburg passenger record that he too was from Moszczenica, Gorlice, Poland. According to the 1900 census, Kukla was living in a boarding house with a *Wilchich* Kalysch, age 29, and wife, Mary A., 22. Badly misspelled, yes. But the facts and pronunciation fit Wojciech.

63	John Kukla	M	25	1865	Poland	New York	New York	New York	1921
64	John Kukla	M	25	1865	Poland	New York	New York	New York	1921
65	John Kukla	M	25	1865	Poland	New York	New York	New York	1921
66	John Kukla	M	25	1865	Poland	New York	New York	New York	1921
67	John Kukla	M	25	1865	Poland	New York	New York	New York	1921
68	John Kukla	M	25	1865	Poland	New York	New York	New York	1921
69	John Kukla	M	25	1865	Poland	New York	New York	New York	1921
70	John Kukla	M	25	1865	Poland	New York	New York	New York	1921
71	John Kukla	M	25	1865	Poland	New York	New York	New York	1921
72	John Kukla	M	25	1865	Poland	New York	New York	New York	1921
73	John Kukla	M	25	1865	Poland	New York	New York	New York	1921
74	John Kukla	M	25	1865	Poland	New York	New York	New York	1921
75	John Kukla	M	25	1865	Poland	New York	New York	New York	1921
76	John Kukla	M	25	1865	Poland	New York	New York	New York	1921
77	John Kukla	M	25	1865	Poland	New York	New York	New York	1921
78	John Kukla	M	25	1865	Poland	New York	New York	New York	1921
79	John Kukla	M	25	1865	Poland	New York	New York	New York	1921
80	John Kukla	M	25	1865	Poland	New York	New York	New York	1921
81	John Kukla	M	25	1865	Poland	New York	New York	New York	1921
82	John Kukla	M	25	1865	Poland	New York	New York	New York	1921
83	John Kukla	M	25	1865	Poland	New York	New York	New York	1921
84	John Kukla	M	25	1865	Poland	New York	New York	New York	1921
85	John Kukla	M	25	1865	Poland	New York	New York	New York	1921
86	John Kukla	M	25	1865	Poland	New York	New York	New York	1921
87	John Kukla	M	25	1865	Poland	New York	New York	New York	1921
88	John Kukla	M	25	1865	Poland	New York	New York	New York	1921
89	John Kukla	M	25	1865	Poland	New York	New York	New York	1921
90	John Kukla	M	25	1865	Poland	New York	New York	New York	1921
91	John Kukla	M	25	1865	Poland	New York	New York	New York	1921
92	John Kukla	M	25	1865	Poland	New York	New York	New York	1921
93	John Kukla	M	25	1865	Poland	New York	New York	New York	1921
94	John Kukla	M	25	1865	Poland	New York	New York	New York	1921
95	John Kukla	M	25	1865	Poland	New York	New York	New York	1921
96	John Kukla	M	25	1865	Poland	New York	New York	New York	1921
97	John Kukla	M	25	1865	Poland	New York	New York	New York	1921
98	John Kukla	M	25	1865	Poland	New York	New York	New York	1921
99	John Kukla	M	25	1865	Poland	New York	New York	New York	1921
100	John Kukla	M	25	1865	Poland	New York	New York	New York	1921

(1500s)

Instead of your regular cup of joe, why not try a cup of Turkish coffee? You can have your morning boost and your fortune told at the same time. The Chinese have been reading tea leaves for centuries. And when the Turks discover coffee they adapt the leftover grounds for the same purpose. After sipping the coffee, the cup is tipped over and the symbols are studied. See a bird? A bit of good news might be on the way.

(1555)

Nostradamus publishes the first edition of his *Les Propheties*. Royal families across Europe summon the soothsayer to read their horoscopes. Inspired seer? Heretic? Vague prognosticator? You decide.

(1807)

The Empress Josephine of France consults Mademoiselle Lenormand, a fortune-teller and card reader, who predicts that Napoleon will divorce her—which he does, two years later.



CECILE (CEIL) WENDT JENSEN, MA, CG, was given a family history writing assignment in grade school and was instantly hooked, but her father's untimely death several months later cloaked her family history in a mystique that lingers today. Ceil has authored a number of books, including *Detroit's Polonia* (Arcadia, 2005). Learn more at www.mipolonia.net.

When church records hold the facts that you're looking for, you may not have to travel overseas to find out just what those facts are. Check your local family history center to see if the records have been microfilmed by The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. Note that the records will most likely not be written in English (Jeannette's records are in Latin), but finding translation assistance may be as simple as asking someone at the family history center or posting a request on a family history message board at Ancestry.com or RootsWeb.

1867			Religio		Sexus		PARENTES		PATRINI	
Dian et Munis		NOMEN BAPTISATI	Catholica		Puer		Patris et parentum nomen cognomen et conditio ejus		Matris et parentum nomen cognomen et conditio	
Natus	Baptizatus		Castitas	Activa	Puer	Castitas			Nomen et cognomen	Conditio
105	16/17	Michael + 15-1890					leg. Josephus Lindhorst	Anna Maria Lindhorst f. Maria Lindhorst f. Maria Lindhorst	Anna Maria Lindhorst f. Maria Lindhorst f. Maria Lindhorst	ag. agricola f. agricola f. agricola f. agricola f. agricola
106	14	1891 Satharius					leg. Maria Lindhorst	Anna Maria Lindhorst f. Maria Lindhorst f. Maria Lindhorst	Anna Maria Lindhorst f. Maria Lindhorst f. Maria Lindhorst	ag. agricola f. agricola f. agricola f. agricola f. agricola
107	16/16	1892 Josephus					leg. Sebastianus Lindhorst	Anna Maria Lindhorst f. Maria Lindhorst f. Maria Lindhorst	Anna Maria Lindhorst f. Maria Lindhorst f. Maria Lindhorst	ag. agricola f. agricola f. agricola f. agricola f. agricola
108	17/18	1894 Leon					leg. Johannes Lindhorst	Anna Maria Lindhorst f. Maria Lindhorst f. Maria Lindhorst	Anna Maria Lindhorst f. Maria Lindhorst f. Maria Lindhorst	ag. agricola f. agricola f. agricola f. agricola f. agricola
109	21/21	1895 Michael					leg. Stanislaus Lindhorst	Anna Maria Lindhorst f. Maria Lindhorst f. Maria Lindhorst	Anna Maria Lindhorst f. Maria Lindhorst f. Maria Lindhorst	ag. agricola f. agricola f. agricola f. agricola f. agricola
110	21/21	1896 Thekla					leg. Thomas Lindhorst	Anna Maria Lindhorst f. Maria Lindhorst f. Maria Lindhorst	Anna Maria Lindhorst f. Maria Lindhorst f. Maria Lindhorst	ag. agricola f. agricola f. agricola f. agricola f. agricola
111	21/21	1897 Michael					leg. Stanislaus Lindhorst	Anna Maria Lindhorst f. Maria Lindhorst f. Maria Lindhorst	Anna Maria Lindhorst f. Maria Lindhorst f. Maria Lindhorst	ag. agricola f. agricola f. agricola f. agricola f. agricola
112	21/21	1898 Thekla					leg. Thomas Lindhorst	Anna Maria Lindhorst f. Maria Lindhorst f. Maria Lindhorst	Anna Maria Lindhorst f. Maria Lindhorst f. Maria Lindhorst	ag. agricola f. agricola f. agricola f. agricola f. agricola
113	21/21	1899 Michael					leg. Stanislaus Lindhorst	Anna Maria Lindhorst f. Maria Lindhorst f. Maria Lindhorst	Anna Maria Lindhorst f. Maria Lindhorst f. Maria Lindhorst	ag. agricola f. agricola f. agricola f. agricola f. agricola
114	21/21	1900 Thekla					leg. Thomas Lindhorst	Anna Maria Lindhorst f. Maria Lindhorst f. Maria Lindhorst	Anna Maria Lindhorst f. Maria Lindhorst f. Maria Lindhorst	ag. agricola f. agricola f. agricola f. agricola f. agricola

WHAT IT REALLY SAYS. The birth record for Wojciech Kalisz was recorded in Latin in a traditional format. Wojciech's birth was the 105th baptism of 1869. The birth date was 21 August 1869 and the baptism was 22 August. His baptismal name is recorded in Latin as Adalbertus; additional marks indicate he was Catholic and illegitimate. Notations under his name list the midwife, Anna Brack, and the baptizing priest, Father Josef Dabrowski. His mother is Marianna Kalisz, daughter of Franciszek Kalisz and Petronela Repec. Wojciech's godparents are Adalbertus Garmuch and Thecla, wife of Adalbertus Gawlick. The space for Wojciech's father's name and occupation is empty.

(1850)

(1987)

Who's in charge? When Mikhail Gorbachev and Ronald Reagan sign an arms treaty in 1987, the date and time of the event is determined by Nancy Reagan's astrologer, Joan Quigley.

— (2008)

Aspiring to Connections

Every few years, the media conducts surveys to decide who was the “best” or “most popular” U.S. president. But we wanted to know which president was the most connected—through people claiming them in their family trees.

We searched each of the first 16 presidents—Washington to Lincoln—in the public family trees at Ancestry.com. Who shows up in the most trees? See for yourself. You can also see how closely those relative rankings are to that president’s popularity.



*Note: Popularity rankings are from a 2005 *Wall Street Journal* survey; see <www.opinionjournal.com/extra/?id=110007243>. For links and summaries of more surveys about presidential popularity, visit <http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Historical_rankings_of_United_States_Presidents>.

Any Surprises?


Zachary Taylor was in fifth place in terms of trees, but 33rd in a *Wall Street Journal* survey of most popular presidents. He did have several children, which may have helped his family tree ranking.

Thomas Jefferson also had a number of children (our count for him includes trees that tie to him through children he may or may not have fathered with Sally Hemings). On the other hand, George Washington didn't have any children of his own, and Abraham Lincoln had only one child who survived to adulthood.

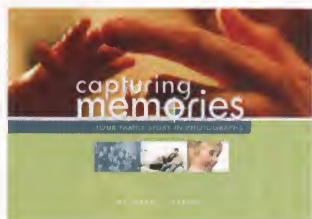
Franklin Pierce had no children who survived to adulthood, but he's also generally considered one of the worst presidents in history. Both of these circumstances may have contributed to the fact that, as of publication time, he appeared in absolutely none of the family trees we searched. It's equally interesting that John Quincy Adams shows up in more trees than his father, John Adams.



†William Henry Harrison was not included in the *Wall Street Journal* survey brevity of the brevity of his presidency.



Don't let
the good times
pass you by.



Capturing Memories:
Your Family Story in Photographs

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ISBN# 978-1-59331-303-6 \$14.95

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- ▶ **1893—Chicago.** A three-hour workday will be a long one by the year 2000.
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- ▶ **1962—Seattle.** People will drive “gyrocopters,” converse via TV telephones, and send their children to schools outfitted with walls of air and memory retention machines.
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When Old Becomes Vintage

BY BETTY KREISEL SHUBERT

DO YOU LAUGH when you see yourself in an old photograph and wonder, "How could I have worn *that*?" Looking back, it is surprising to see how much clothes have changed in our lifetimes. But the same thing happened in the times of our ancestors.

To understand the seemingly ridiculous extremes of what we call vintage clothes today, you need to understand the evolutionary fashion changes in our own time that turned clothes we once proudly wore into items we later disdainfully discarded.

Remember the 1980s when we wore thick shoulder pads in everything we owned, even sweatshirts and tees? After the fashion reached its peak, we removed the pads, frugally hoping to update our wardrobes. We were left with sagging shoulders, sleeves too wide and too deep, and oversized tops that were suddenly too long. This led to clothes without shoulder pads, followed by jackets and tops deemed "shrunken" because they were so much smaller and shorter than before.

Fashion doesn't just happen; it evolves. It starts with a look that everyone accepts. Experimentation by fashion leaders expands that look until its mutations reach their fullest development, at which time an opposite, new look replaces it.

This was the case in our ancestors' time, too. In the 1840s, skirts were wide thanks to multiple scratchy-scratchy petticoats called crinolines. Hoops, wider, less scratchy, requiring fewer layers, were born in 1853. By 1867, after skirts became as wide as seemingly possible, hoops were abandoned, the excess fabric pulled back, and, *voila*, the bustle was born.

And each style is an example of an evolutionary change that turned old discards into the vintage clothes we cherish today.

Postscript—When the Style Is Out

What do you do when you have a closet full of suddenly outdated clothes? If an outfit is beautiful and a good example of its era, save it for posterity. Attach a note describing when and where you wore it and why you saved it. Store the outfit in acid-free tissue, a prewashed 100 percent cotton pillowslip, or a garment bag labeled "Breathable." If an outfit simply looks tired and out of style, donate it to charity. And if an outfit looks simply ridiculous, save it for a Halloween party—you'll get some laughs as people wax nostalgic, wondering "How could we ever have worn that?"



World War Walter

BY PAULA STUART-WARREN, CG

ACCORDING TO UNCLE Walter Robertson's World War I water-damaged discharge papers, Walter enlisted at Kennett, Missouri, and was born in Illinois, although the place name is obliterated. How do you find a better copy of the certificate? And what do you do after that?

1. Discharge certificates are often filed at the county courthouse or with a Veterans Affairs Office; older ones may be in a state or county archive. Walter's was found in the microfilm at the state archives, among other places.
2. Walter Robertson appears in the World War I draft records at Ancestry.com. Similar to the discharge record shown below, these records state that he was born 27 January 1890 in Illinois, was of medium height, had brown hair, gray eyes, and a wife and two children.
3. Kennett is in Dunklin County. Search the Missouri State Archives, the Family History Library, and other places for Walter's marriage record there. Can't find one? Try a county-by-county search. Missouri didn't begin state-level registry of marriages until 1 July 1948.

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FORM 2041-A

Honorable Discharge from the United States Army.

To All Whom it May Concern:

THIS IS TO CERTIFY, That Walter Robertson ⁴²⁷⁸⁰¹⁶
Private, 1st Gen. Regt. 161st Depot Brigade
 The United States Army, as a Testimonial of Honest and Faithful
 Service, is hereby Honorably Discharged from the military service
 of the United States by reason of expiration of government
term, D.O. 350 par. 1. Hq. Camp. Grand Ill. Dec. 1918

Said Walter Robertson ⁴²⁷⁸⁰¹⁶
 was born in Williamson
 in the State of Illinois When enlisted he was
27 years of age and by occupation a
Laborer He had gray eyes,
brown hair, dark complexion, and was 5
5 1/2 inches in height.

Given under my hand at Camp Grant Ill. this
22nd day of December
 one thousand nine hundred and eighteen

Edward
Colonel Infantry
 Commanding.

The foregoing Honorable Discharge and Enlistment Record, admitted to record in this office on the 29 day of March 1919
 By W. H. Morris Recorder

ENLISTMENT RECORD.

Name: Walter Robertson Grade: Private
 Enlisted, or Inducted, Sept. 6th 1918
 at Kennett, Mo.
 Serving in 1st enlistment period at date of discharge.
 Prior service: none

Noncommissioned officer: no
 Marksmanship, gunner qualification or rating: not qualified
 Horsemanship: not mounted
 Battles, engagements, skirmishes, expeditions: none

Knowledge of any vocation: Bridge Carpenter helper
 Wounds received in service: none
 Physical condition when discharged: good

Typhoid prophylaxis completed Sept. 27-1918
 Paratyphoid prophylaxis completed Sept. 27-1918
 Married or single: married
 Character: Excellent
 Remarks: No A.M.E. or absence under
Ar.O. 3-12 or 4-5-1-1

Signature of soldier: Walter Robertson
James Baker
2nd Lieut. Infantry
 Commanding. H. O.

Walter Robertson's Honorable Discharge from the United States Army, Dunklin County, Missouri, Recorder of Deeds, Military Discharges 1919-1930, Index 1919-1968. Accessed on microfilm at the Allen County Public Library, Fort Wayne, Indiana.

4. Look for Walter in the 1900 Illinois census. Discharge papers give his birthplace as Williamson, which refers to a village in either Madison County or Williamson County. Also check the 1920 and 1930 federal censuses.
5. Find out about other available World War I records. Learn more at www.archives.gov/st-louis/military-personnel.



The irreplaceable sense
of “being there” comes
only when you walk the
actual landscape of your
ancestors’ lives.





WITH BOTH FEET ON the ground

BY ELLEN NOTBOHM

I HAVE NEVER LIKED THE TERM “shirttail relative.” However unintentionally, it consigns some very interesting people to afterthought status. How many opportunities for information and illumination are lost to this dismissive epithet and its laundry overtones? You never know when a “shirttail” will turn out to be someone quite significant—someone I call a heartstring relative.

This story is about one of my heartstring relatives and the remarkable journey on which he called me. He wasn’t even a “real” relative. He was the husband of our great-grandmother for only a short while in a marriage doomed by a perfect storm of personal and world conditions (“Emma’s Unmarked Rest,” September/October 2007). We’ll call him Adam because he really could be any man. And this story is not so much about him as it is about discovering the irreplaceable sense of being there that comes as you reconstruct the lives of your ancestors in settings afar and centuries previous.

For a long time Adam was only a sidebar to me, a smallish piece of the puzzle that was our great-grandmother’s life. I became increasingly drawn to him as the facts unfolded and his story proved compellingly sad and

mysterious. His brief marriage to our great-grandmother was plagued by numerous miscarriages and the death of a child, ending with her commitment to a state hospital in the midst of World War I, the 1918 flu pandemic, and a crippling drought. Adam sold their farm and seemed to vanish. She recovered, remained in the area, went on. He, on the other hand, eluded every attempt I made to locate him, maddeningly missing from U.S. censuses; death records; marriage, divorce, or probate records; city directories; newspaper searches. Finally, through the slender thread of a 90-year-old life insurance policy, he let me know where he was. He had left a forwarding address in Edmonton, Alberta. From there it was only a few clicks to the Edmonton Cemeteries database, where I found him, his grave unmarked—just like his daughter Emma’s. An obituary in the *Edmonton Journal* confirmed that I had the right man. He had never married again, left no survivors save two distant sisters.

Take Off

From the outset, my husband had a sixth sense about where this story would take me. He believed there was

BEING THERE: In Edmonton, author and researcher Ellen Notbohm found family, facts, and friendship. To the left is the Alberta Provincial Legislature building in Edmonton.

What About Adam?

If you want to know more about Adam, well so do I. Between the day I first learned his name (misspelled in a letter from a step-relative) and the day I stood at the foot of his grave, almost four years had passed. And one of the first things I realized was, that while I had followed the story to its end, I had started in the middle. I only knew about the second half of his life. Now my journey will turn in the other direction—starting with a 19th-century Massachusetts birth record and working my way forward to the moment he said his first hello to my great-grandmother.

I can tell you this much—Adam spent many of his years in Edmonton working for the iconic Hudson's Bay Company, and he never married again. But these are just more facts; they're interesting, but they do not define the essence of his life. What about his adventures and his dreams? What about regrets or fears?

Those I can't tell you because I don't know enough yet. In my own dreams, I sit knee-to-knee with Adam in comfortable old chairs and ask a thousand questions from a list that grows longer every day—because getting an answer to one opens the door to 20 new ones.

The answers will come in their own time. We 21st-century family historians want everything stat! High-speed Internet is too slow for us. And yet how foolish—maybe even arrogant—it is to think we can reconstruct a whole life, in Adam's case almost 27,000 days, without investing a respectable chunk of our own.

I'll make that investment because he is worth it and because it means that someday I will be able to tell you the rest of the story.

no substitute for “walking the land” and that if I wanted to truly know these ancestors, I had to go to where they had lived. It was that belief that had brought me to the potter's field in Montana where Adam's baby daughter Emma was buried, and now it would lead me to Edmonton.

I started laying the groundwork, a round of phone calls to the cemetery, to the library, to the historical society, to a realtor who had homes listed in the neighborhood where I had found Adam's address in the old Henderson's city directories. And an extraordinary thing began happening. Everywhere I “went,” before I even got there, people warmed to my story and bent over backwards to help. The cemetery administrator e-mailed digital photographs of Adam's gravesite. The realtor did the same for Adam's two homes. The library sent obituaries and city directory information and urged me to come dig further in person. At the historical society, I was invited to tour their renovation project and stay for lunch.

It was a short fall: I was in love with Edmonton before I even arrived.

What can you say when you land in a place you've never been and it feels like home? My week in Edmonton unfolded as if I were expected company. In a way, I was.

At the cemetery, the administrator unscrewed the binding of a huge old book, half her size, to copy records for me. She requisitioned further records from a vault at a remote location. “It'll cost,” she told me, “but we'll cover it for you.” At the historical society, several folks gave me hours of their time, a fascinating, detailed walking tour of a vibrant old neighborhood, and century-old stories to go along. The realtor knew the current owner of Adam's home and offered to try to get me in.

At the Edmonton City Archives, a building-within-a-building ensconced, appropriately, in the historic Prince of Wales Armory, the staff apologized repeatedly for the sweltering heat, even as I kept them running on multiple trips back and forth for voter records and maps and local histories (“That's our job!”). The receptionist approached me at the end of the day with brochures for several local history events happening that week that she thought might interest me. She wanted to be sure I enjoyed my time in Edmonton. She told me she had vacationed at the Oregon coast not far from where I live and loved it. We shared that little bond.

At the Edmonton Public Library, I met reference specialist Lyn Meehan, a rare hybrid: a library professional who is also—and perhaps, first—a life-long genealogist. Lyn confirmed that I had done the right thing, coming to the source.

“You have to hold that piece of paper in your hand,” she says. “People rely too heavily on the Internet. The Internet is merely a starting point for the genealogist. Even the best databases have a 10 percent error rate. Surnames and given names can be misspelled or transcribed incorrectly, pages may be missing. That

missing page may be the one that contains the most important piece of information. That's why I always encourage people to go back to the way we did genealogy 30 years ago—going to the point of origin. Go to the courthouse, archive, or repository and look for that original birth, marriage, or death certificate; mortgage; land deed; probate; letters of administration for intestate individuals. And even if you can find it online, know that there can be errors. I still like to hold that original document, examine it myself, just to make sure. Is this the right one I'm looking for? Is it complete?"

Lyn was instrumental in helping me obtain Adam's naturalization records, border-crossing documents, and information about collateral friends and business associates. She sent me to the Provincial Archives of Alberta (PAA) with instructions to look for court records, photos, and maps.

At the PAA, a reference archivist helped me search for a divorce record I hoped I wouldn't find; romantic me hoped Adam and our great-grandmother hadn't ever divorced, just lived in so-called sin with others for the rest of their lives (which, at this writing, appears may be true). When I didn't find a divorce record, the librarian was just as pleased as I was, saying, "It's not very often I get to help someone who is happy to not find something they're looking for." Minutes later, my fingers came to rest on the actual handwritten entry recording his death. Paradoxically, it made him all the more alive and real to me.

And when, in the last moment before I had to leave for the airport, I found—in an archive of more than 2 million photos—a photo of the home in which Adam passed away, the same archivist hastily waived the photocopying charges and wrote up my order for a print. She sent me off with PAA pencils and notepads. After I got back home, the archive's business manager called twice to make sure they got my order right.

Lucky Ones

Everyone I encountered in Edmonton went far beyond the assistance I asked for. They clearly cared about their city's heritage and the part I play in it, however small. Those kind of connections, forged across distance and time, can

never be had with a mere click of a mouse.

I made friends with a woodchuck along the banks of the North Saskatchewan River one beautiful mauve evening. Meandering my way through many blocks of the neighborhood in which Adam lived for most of his time in Edmonton, spending part of a morning watching children play in the park two blocks from his house, sitting against a tree next to his grave in a woodsy old part of the cemetery (for as long as I could until the little black flies got me)—I walked many of those proverbial miles in his shoes. He chose Edmonton at midlife, for reasons we have yet to discover. I like to think that in my short time there, interacting with the people and the landscape, I could begin to understand why.

Which is why, on the morning I had to leave, I said smiling-through-a-few-tears words of thanks to Adam for leading me to an unforgettable place I would never have experienced otherwise.

Lyn Meehan understands how profound that sense of



ALWAYS ASK: Questions breed answers—and that's exactly what Ellen Notbohm found at the Provincial Archives of Alberta.

Specify the Specifics

Good advice for visiting any library or archive: have your pedigree with you when you go, and be prepared to ask concise, specific questions. Don't expect to be able to give the librarian or archivist a 10-minute spiel on your family history followed by the question, "What do I do now?" Be able to say, "My ancestor worked for the Great Northern Railroad. Do you have any railroad maps/photo collections/books about the GNR?" Photo collections may be sorted by address, so make sure you know at least the street name if it's a building or house you are looking for.

Homework

When you visit your ancestor's old stomping grounds, your time there will be finite. Make the most of it by using the Internet and the phone to do as much homework as you can before you arrive. Before I went to Edmonton, I made sure I did the following—

- Gathered current maps of the city with my destination lined out. No GPS needed. Source: AAA.
- Found a map of the cemetery and was able to find the gravesite in less than a minute. Source: Cemetery administrator, e-mail, and snail mail.
- Researched the likelihood that there was a probate—and the answer was no. Source: Provincial Archives, index lookup, e-mail with reference archivist.
- Discovered the naturalization record number from Library and Archives Canada <<http://collectionscanada.ca>> but needed advice on accessing the records. Source: Lyn Meehan, Edmonton Public Library.
- Created a timeline of residential addresses and employment from city directories; knew where the holes were. Source: Edmonton Public Library's online Ask-a-Question and Smart Search services.
- Read Tony Cashman's books, including *The Best Edmonton Stories* and *A Picture History of Alberta*; doing this gave me the look and feel of the times (1920–50) before I got the contemporary version of the city stuck in my head.

place can be. “Standing where your ancestors stood, whether on the old wooden floors of your ancestor's homestead or brownstone, the sidewalks or fields—letting your imagination run wild. ... How long did it take to build the cabin? Where did they put their bed, their clothes, their provisions? What ‘trinkets’ might you find? An old implement, a stone: what might be rusted junk to someone else will find a place in your heart. Or it can be in just the pages of those old books in the archive or repository, how they're brown, crumpled, or curled at the corners from generations of researchers turning from page to page. Sometimes people will lick their fingers and leave their thumbprint for history! It all brings an awe of that particular era. The genealogist with passion understands this. My husband jokes, ‘You have more of a relationship with those old damn dusty books than you do with me.’”

Back home, the leaves turned and more than one person inquired about my summer travels. “Didn't you go to Hawaii?” they ask. “Yes, I admit. But let me tell you about Edmonton.”

Straight from the Heart: An Epilogue

Right about the time this story hits publication, I'll be returning from my second trip to Edmonton. If all has gone according to plan I will have overseen the placing of a headstone on Adam's grave—59 years to the day since his burial—and offered him a memorial dedication in place of the funeral he never had. “We offer thanks for the gift of memory, which unites life with life. Within it, loved ones transcend death and find their niche in remembrance. In the particular grace of each human being lies his immortality.”

ELLEN NOTBOHM is a Portland, Oregon, author and columnist, a three-time *ForeWord Book of the Year* finalist, and a regular contributor to magazines, websites, and newsletters around the world. To contact Ellen, visit www.ellennotbohm.com.

Library or Archive?

Libraries and archives are not one and the same. "Archives can be a drop-off place for many companies," says Edmonton Public Library's Lyn Meehan, "a safe-holding for history. An archive is a receiving agency whose purpose is to preserve. A library is a collecting agency whose purpose is to accumulate." When allotting the time you will spend in libraries and archives, keep in mind that libraries are generally better funded than archives. Most library catalogs today are electronic, whereas archive catalogs may still be largely manual. And libraries and archives catalog their holdings differently. Libraries catalog every single item, usually by the system with which we are most familiar, the Dewey call number system: 971.2334 CAS. Archives catalog in multiples or groups, using accession numbers. You may see a number that starts with the year in which the documents were received, followed by the location: 1968.128 Box 10 item 3.



AT PEACE: Edmonton Cemetery, Adam's final resting place.

Where Is the Honor Guard?

A touching testimony becomes a quest to find the family of an officer who died in 1963.

BY MEGAN SMOLENYAK SMOLENYAK



STARTING THE SEARCH: Captain Thomas F. Reid, shown here on 22 November 1963, wanted to find the family of an officer who served with him that day.

I WAS PARKED IN FRONT of the TV a few nights ago when I received an unexpected phone call from Bob Velke, owner of Wholly Genes. He had a puzzle he suspected (correctly, as it turns out) I wouldn't be able to resist. After we spoke, he summarized it in an e-mail:

My father-in-law, Thomas F. Reid, was a 26-year-old captain in 3rd U.S. Infantry Regiment ("The Old Guard") in Ft. Myer, Virginia on 22 November 1963 when President John F. Kennedy was assassinated. As captain of D Company, Tom was assigned the responsibility of organizing all of the details of the interment ceremonies (arranging for the Eternal Flame, the Irish Guard, dignitaries, etc.) at Arlington National Cemetery three days later.

Tom, now 70 years old, has decided to set down his recollections of those four days in writing and to collect testimonials from various surviving officers and ceremonial participants. So far, he's tracked down about half a dozen of them, including the bugler, handler of the caparisoned horse, a pall bearer, and others.

One of those participants, Sgt. James R. ("Pete") Holder, contributed an audiotape of his memoirs, including, among



other things, a long testimonial about his hero and mentor, Capt. Michael D. Groves, the company commander of Honor Guard Company. Tom wants to track down Groves's children because he thinks they would appreciate hearing this wonderful testimonial about their dad, a man whose reputation has been otherwise assaulted by attempts to link him to "the JFK conspiracy."

This is what we know of Michael and his family, largely from obituaries:

Michael D. Groves was born 19 August 1936 in Birmingham (but some say Ann Arbor), Michigan. He went to Birmingham High School and then Eastern Michigan University (1959) as an ROTC honor graduate, entering the service immediately upon graduation. He was said to be a close friend of JFK and occasionally babysat for John Jr.

As company commander of the Honor Guard Company, Groves directed military honors at JFK's funeral on 25 November 1963. A week later, he died of a sudden heart attack (or some say poison) at the dinner table at his home in Arlington, Virginia.

He was reportedly survived by a daughter, Kelly Ann (3 years old), and his wife, Mary, who at that time was eight months pregnant with another child. Tom believes Mary was about 25 when her husband died and that she later remarried. Capt. "Mike" Groves was also survived by his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Donald W. Groves of Cleveland Heights, Ohio.

So the orphan heirloom in this case was an audio tape with information about a man whose older child had hardly known him and whose younger child had never known him. As an Army brat myself, whose father had also entered the Army out of ROTC in the late 1950s—not to mention, whose family still has the newspaper from the day Kennedy was assassinated—this family felt familiar to me. I wanted to see what I could do.

Where to Start?

Because I spend as much time finding the living as I do finding the dearly departed, I knew this case was far from a slam dunk. Factors such as privacy laws and the

mobility of our population can make locating the living more daunting than picking up the trail of a long-departed ancestor.

In this case, we were dealing with a military family, which amplified the difficulty. Where was the soldier's wife from? Mike and Mary could have met anywhere—he might have been stationed and married in any of a number of places. And if Mary had remarried, what surname might she and her children have wound up with?

I decided to practice one of my own guidelines for such cases—that is, to not obsess on the people I was seeking (Mary, Kelly Ann, and the unknown child), but to find people associated with them and work my way closer.

Bob was smart to provide as much detail as he had because one tidbit caught my eye—the fact that Mike's parents had lived in Cleveland Heights, Ohio.

In Praise of Cuyahoga County

I've worked countless cases across the country, so I often have a sense of which locations are genealogy friendly, and Cuyahoga County, Ohio—where Cleveland Heights is located—is one of them. Since I'm too lazy to memorize or bookmark every single resource I use, I turned to one of my perennial favorites: <www.deathindexes.com>. I selected "Ohio" and then "Cuyahoga County," and there it was—the Cleveland Necrology Index, hosted by the Cleveland Public Library. I figured that if Mike's parents were from that area, I might be able to turn up an obituary or two that mentioned them, so I searched "Donald Groves." I hadn't expected what popped up:

Source: *Plain Dealer*; Cleveland Necrology File, Reel 114.

Notes: *Heights Army Captain Dies at Fort Myers. A young Army captain who commanded the ceremonial troops at President Kennedy's funeral collapsed and died while eating dinner at his home at Fort Myers, Virginia, last night. The officer, Capt. Michael D. Groves, 27, was the son of Mr. and Mrs. Donald W. Groves, who until last month lived at 2291 S. Overlook Road, Cleveland Heights. They moved to Birmingham, Mich., where Capt. Groves grew up. A sister, Darby, still lives at the Cleveland Heights address. He also is survived by his wife, Mary Frances, and a 3-year-old daughter. He will be buried at Arlington National Cemetery, his sister said.*

Where'd They Go?

This was a tremendous discovery to make so early in the search. I now knew that Mike had a sister and that his parents had returned to Birmingham, Michigan, where the soldier had grown up. I was delighted, too, that his sister

was named Darby because distinctive names can often be a little easier to trace.

Since Cuyahoga County does have such handy online resources, I played with them for a while, trying to surface any other references to Darby, but no luck. Nor could I find any references to Mike or his parents. Odd. Even though it had been decades ago, I had expected to pick up a snippet or two.

So I decided to shift gears and focus on Birmingham, Michigan. Sure enough, I easily found the Social Security Death Index (SSDI) entry for his father, Donald W. Groves. He had died in 1993, but what about his wife, the soldier's mother? I turned to a fee-based site, <www.privateeye.com>, to search for Donald because many people continue to be listed for a decade or so after they've passed away—especially husbands whose wives keep the phone listed in the deceased's name. Yes, there was Donald, and since others associated with the same address are also listed, I now knew that Mike's mother's name was Gladys. I returned to the SSDI hoping to come up empty, but there she was in 1994. I explored a bit more and <www.findagrave.com> revealed that Donald and Gladys had been buried in Grand Lawn Cemetery in Detroit, Michigan, but none of the other Groves in the cemetery were useful for the purposes of this research.

What Happened to Darby?

Sadly, neither of the soldier's parents was with us any longer, so I turned my attention back to his sister, Darby, but how could I possibly find her? Since the parents had died just slightly more than a decade ago, I tried a variety of online newspaper resources (including ones local to the Birmingham area) but found nothing. This meant it was time to go back to basics.

I pulled up <www.epodunk.com>, entered Birmingham, and scrolled down to "libraries." A minute later, I left a message with the Adult Services Department of the Baldwin Public Library in Birmingham. Much to my delight, a woman named Susan called back a short while later. I provided details about Mike's parents, and the following morning Susan faxed me both of their obituaries—the genealogical equivalent of gold. (Note: Always be kind to librarians and overly generous with libraries.)

I read Donald's first, and though it told me quite a bit about him, the only survivors listed were his wife and three grandchildren. Uh-oh. What about Darby? Why wasn't she listed? Three grandchildren—so Kelly, Kelly's unknown sibling, and, presumably, a child of Darby's.

Okay, time to turn to the obituary for Gladys—ah, she was the mother of the late Michael and Darbea, not Darby.

And Darbea had predeceased her parents. How sad. But the obituary went on to state that Gladys was survived by her mother. This was good news. The obituary listed the names of four of her siblings. And, finally, the names of her grandchildren: Kelly, Kimberly, and Daryl. Almost an ideal obituary.

I reasoned that Kimberly was probably the child born shortly after Mike's death and that Daryl was Darbea's son. The obituary also included Darbea's married name (which I'm excluding here in the interest of privacy), so I decided to search the SSDI for her, but there was no such person. Huh? I turned again to <www.privateeye.com>, this time looking for her son, Daryl—and there, with the others associated with his address, was my answer. Darbea was her middle name. So I returned to the SSDI, entering what I now knew to be her first and last names, and there she was. She died in 1978. Again, I considered how difficult it must have been for Donald and Gladys to lose both of their children so young, Mike at age 27 and Darbea at 37. It made me want to find Kelly and Kimberly all the more.

On a hunch, I returned to <www.findagrave.com> to search for those with Darbea's surname buried at the same cemetery as her parents. Imagine my reaction when I spotted not only her entry, but Daryl's. Daryl, it turned out, had died a few years after his grandparents. This not only saddened me but also made me wonder whether I would be able to locate Kelly and Kimberly. If their only aunt, cousin, and their grandparents on their father's side had all passed away, who would know what happened to them?

Daryl and Gladys Point the Way

I decided to search for an obituary for Daryl and found it at <www.genealogybank.com>. It confirmed that Darbea had been his mother; it also confirmed his father's name, which I had spotted earlier when searching PrivateEye. So this was one potential contact—the soldier's brother-in-law—but given that his wife had died decades ago, would he still be in touch with Kelly and Kimberly?

I turned to the detailed-laden obituary for Gladys. Following up the clues provided, I discovered that her mother had passed away several years later at age 99. GenealogyBank also popped up her obituary, so I was able to backtrack to the family's 1930 census entry and get an estimated year of birth for each of Gladys's siblings. I soon discovered that one of them had also subsequently passed away, but with rough birth dates; the others were easy to pinpoint.

I didn't feel that I should actually call anyone in the family, so I turned the contact information back to Wholly

Genes's Bob Velke and hoped that someone would know something. The next day, Bob reported back that he had talked to everyone whose information I had sent him and a few others. There were a few avid genealogists in the family, so he bounced around from person to person, but in the end it was Mike's brother-in-law who solved the mystery. Mary had remarried to a Johnson—now how many Mary Johnson's could there be? "Oh, by the way," he asked Bob, "Do you want her phone number?" Bob's response, according to an e-mail he sent relaying the conversation, was, "Pfft, yeah." A short while later, Bob was talking to the soldier's remarried widow, who had just returned from dinner with her daughter Kim. The time from Bob's initial phone call to me to his talk with Mary? Approximately 48 hours.

Who's Next?

*Do you have an orphan heirloom in need of rescuing? If so, go to <www.honoringourancestors.com>, click on the **Submissions** menu, and select **Orphan Heirlooms**. Just fill out the short form and hit the "send" button. Who knows? Maybe yours will be the next success story.*



Tips for growing your family tree.



The Official Guide to Ancestry.com

By George G. Morgan

ISBN# 978-1-59331-309-3 **\$24.95**

The Official Guide to RootsWeb.com

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ISBN# 978-1-59331-309-8 **\$12.95**

ISBN# 978-1-59331-305-0 (e-book) **\$7.95**

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Picturing Family

Two researchers find images—a painting and a mystery photo—that link them to new family.

Mystery Photo Reveals Final Reunion

BY ANDY LIKINS

FROM THE TIME I FILLED out my first family tree for a homework assignment in second grade, I knew two things: I was Norwegian, and I liked learning about my family. Fortunately, one of my grandmother's aunts—Aunt Bertye—was still with us and never ran out of family history to share. One day when I was 15, I sat down with 94-year-old Aunt Bertye, a box of old photos, and a tape recorder, and I had her identify as many people in the pictures as she could. Bertye was able to recognize the people in most of the photographs, with one exception.

The mystery photo was a picture of three older men and one woman and had been taken in Norway. Aunt Bertye was quite sure one gruff-looking man was her grandfather, Torkel Gulliksen; she thought the woman might be her grandmother, Dorthea. The two men in the back were anyone's guess. The individuals remained unidentified for about 20 years.

I knew that Torkel, Dorthea, and their children had immigrated to the U.S. in 1882. However, Torkel and Dorthea never made the transition to American life and returned to Norway in 1896, leaving their children in the States. Bertye remembered fondly that they gave a doll to each of their grandchildren before leaving. Sometime before 1913, Torkel died in Norway and Dorthea returned to America to be with her children.

Still, I wanted to know more and I'd always hoped to connect with distant cousins, so in 2002 I posted a message on RootsWeb mentioning that I was researching Torkel's family in Norway. It took two years, but eventually I received an e-mail from a Danish man named Lars. He was a descendant of one of Torkel's brothers.

I e-mailed a copy of my mystery photo to Lars, thinking he might find it interesting. I was amazed when he e-mailed back a copy of the exact same photo, although, as he pointed out, the corners on his weren't bent.

Who did Lars think the people in the photo were? We



Photographer: Galviken, Fredrikstad, Norway

THE PHOTO THAT REUNITED A FAMILY—TWICE: This former mystery photo coupled with a posting on RootsWeb was all it took for one family historian to connect to family he'd never met before. Back: Christian Gulliksen (1835–1909), Gunder Gulliksen Nygaard (1843–1920); Front: Sofie Gulliksdatter Knutsen (1850–abt. 1910), Torkel Gulliksen (1829–1908). All are children of Gullik Svendsen Nygaard and Helene Torkelsdatter.



IS IT HIM? A painting done by Samuel Moon left a researcher rifling through his own tree.

agreed on Torkel. But according to Lars, who had sent me a fantastic photograph of Torkel and Dorthea that proved the woman in the mystery photo couldn't be Dorthea, the woman was actually Torkel's youngest sister, Sofie.

As for the men in the back, Lars had other photos of one of them, but without labels. All he knew was that his photos were taken in Holmstrand, Norway. I searched for more information on Torkel's siblings. Through census and church records available through the Norwegian Digital Archives, I learned that one brother, Christian, had moved to Holmstrand.

Lars identified the last man as another brother, Gunder. Interestingly enough, I learned that Gunder immigrated to the U.S. in 1871, and I found in the Minnesota Historical Society death index that he died in Minnesota in 1920.

Had Gunder gone back to Norway for a visit? A check of New York passenger lists revealed that Gunder Nygaard, 63, of Canby, Minnesota, arrived in New York City on 18 September 1906 on the ship *Hellig Olav* after visiting Norway. As far as I can determine, this was the only time he went back.

With all of this information, Lars and I dated the mystery photo to approximately 1906. From church records, I learned that Torkel and Christian died within three years of the time this photo was taken.

I also discovered something else: this mystery photo, which I originally had little hope of ever identifying, was a record of the final reunion of siblings who had been separated for decades.

Fame in the Family?

BY PETER MOON

MY SERIOUS EFFORTS to learn more about my Moon ancestry began in 2003, when the company I worked for installed a group of paintings on loan from the New Britain Museum of American Art. Among them was one by a Samuel Moon. My father had often said we had a painter in our family tree, but he had no details about it.

I had looked into our tree once while visiting New York in 1997. While in college, I would go to the F. Franklin Moon Library at SUNY's Environmental Science and Forestry School to study. It was nice and quiet, and there was something fun about studying in a library with my family name. On my 1997 trip, the Moon library staff shared their 50-year anniversary booklet, which had some details about F. Franklin Moon, who I learned had been the dean of the school at one time. According to the booklet, Frederick Franklin Moon arrived in upstate New York from Easton, Pennsylvania, close to where my family is from. The commemorative booklet also referred to Franklin Moon's Quaker background. My background is Quaker as well. Another interesting coincidence? I wondered.

When Samuel Moon's paintings were installed years later, I decided it was finally time to dig. I discovered that Samuel Moon, the painter, also from Easton, was the grandfather of SUNY's F. Franklin Moon. Then I searched Marquis' *Who's Who* and found three entries under the name "Frederick Franklin Moon." The final one was very much alive. I found his phone number, and with a quantum leap of faith I called him. I left a voicemail explaining who I was and that I thought he might be a distant relative. I heard nothing for about six weeks. Then the call came: "Hello, distant cousin. This is Fred Moon."

That was the start of conversations that led to a genealogy of Fred's family going back far enough to tie into my family tree. With Fred's help, I realized there had been a missing offspring on my own tree, which was why I hadn't previously known about the connection.

Now I show three successive Samuel Moons and three Frederick Franklin Moons. I also discovered that my new-found cousin Fred's mother is still alive and resides in Connecticut where I work and live. She and I have talked, and she has since introduced me to another of Samuel Moon's 92 paintings—*Napoleon Going over the Alps*.

SEND IT IN

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Only **Six** Native American Mothers

NEW RESEARCH SHOWS that 95 percent of Native Americans can trace their roots back to just six founding mothers who lived 20,000 years ago. The research, conducted by the Sorenson Molecular Genealogy Foundation and the University of Pavia, Italy, also found that those mothers didn't originate in Asia; their trek instead started in Beringia, the land bridge formerly connecting North America to Asia. Conclusions were derived by creating a family tree showing mitochondrial DNA, or mtDNA, which passes from mother to daughter.





The Things They Do For... Finding Clues

BY JANET BERNICE JEYS

STILL LOOKING FOR ANCESTRAL TREASURES in a closet or attic? Family historian Craig Pfannkuche, president of Memory Trail Research, Inc., would tell you to dig deeper—into the outhouse. Outhouses, says Pfannkuche, can provide amazing information that you just won't find anywhere else. "There is a connective feeling with your ancestors that you can't get over a marriage license when you find bits and pieces of their lives in the privy," Pfannkuche says.

A mustache cup can hint at a family member's appearance. Bottles, lamps, belts, suspenders, corsets, plates, eyeglasses, and shoes do as well. "It's all organized in chronological order, too," Pfannkuche says. "The further down one digs in an older privy, the older the items found."

Pfannkuche became interested in his down-and-dirty digging as a student at Northern Illinois University. "I got to do field work at Fort Zarah on the Santa Fe Trail near Great Bend, Kansas, and I've been researching ever since. Everything is interesting. Every little thing that comes out of a privy is a key to the folks that lived there."

Most old outhouses have long been abandoned and their contents broken down into rich, black loam. To find the whereabouts of one for your own excavation project, look first for lilac bushes. "They are nature's air freshener and very hardy," Pfannkuche says. "Lots of folks grew them around their outhouses not just because they have such a strong fragrance but also because the bushes provided a very ample screen of privacy."

Painting Life by Numbers

WANT TO SEE what life is really like today? Visit www.worldometers.info for current birth and death statistics, energy consumption, bikes on the road, and even how much Americans spend on dieting.

Death Goes Live

CAN'T FIGURE OUT how you'll make it to that funeral across the Atlantic? You're just one of many people London-based Wesley Music had in mind when it set up its first pay-per-view funeral earlier this year. For around \$150, invited guests can get a password to access a funeral's real-time webcast. The company also markets DVDs and audio recordings of the services.



Headstone Art

LOOKING FOR A GREAT PLACE to spend a pleasant summer afternoon? Try the cemetery. Seriously. In less than an hour you can make a grave rubbing that documents your family history and maybe even create a work of art.

Supplies

- Butcher or craft paper
- Low-tack tape such as painter's tape
- Rubbing wax or crayons

1 Get permission. Contact the cemetery to see if they allow grave rubbings.

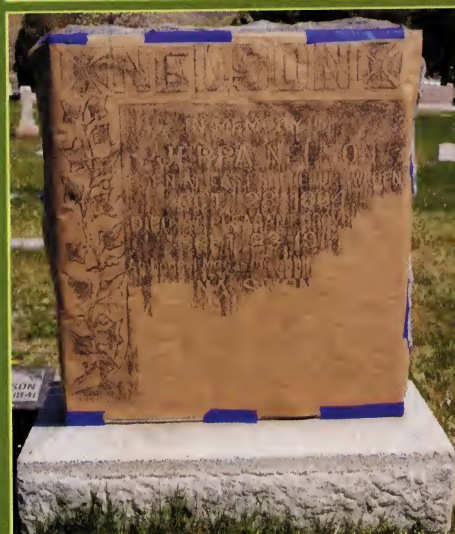
2

Choose the right stone. If you see any loose pieces or if the stone is wobbly, the headstone is too fragile to use. Also, the best impressions are made by designs and letters that are deeply indented.



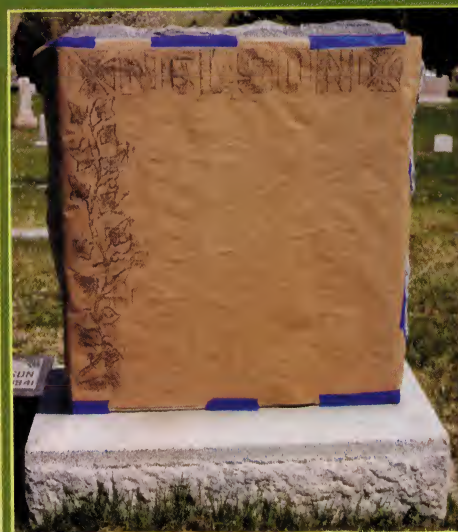
4

Use long up-and-down strokes to create an outline. Then fill in the paper one section at a time.



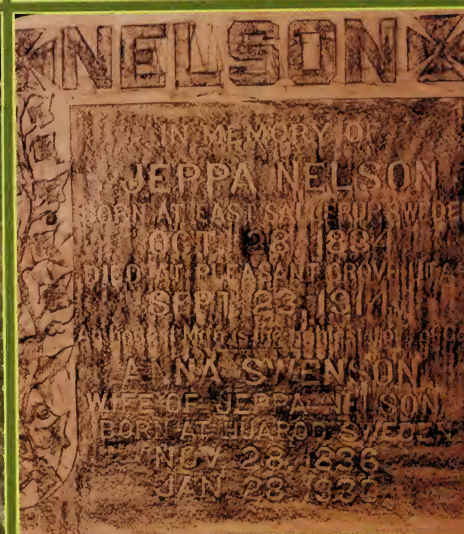
3

Wrap the paper tightly around the stone and tape it down. The entire area should be covered so you don't make any marks accidentally on the stone.



5

When you're finished, gently detach the paper, taking care to remove all tape from the stone.



Cousin Barack and Me

How close do two people have to be to claim a relationship? That really is all relative.

BY HOWARD WOLINSKY



BASED ON AMERICA'S PECULIAR and unfortunate "drop of blood rule," a person with a single drop of "black blood" is considered black by the majority.

That's why Barack Obama, with an African father and a Caucasian mother, is described as "black" and is billed as a black candidate for president. In some alternative world or culture, he might just as easily have been considered white. In a better world, nobody would have noticed or cared.

In a stirring speech he noted: "I am the son of a black man from Kenya and a white woman from Kansas. I was raised with the help of a white grandfather who survived a depression to serve in Patton's army during World War II, and a white grandmother who worked on a bomber assembly line at Fort Leavenworth while he was overseas. ... I am married to a black American who carries within her the blood of slaves and slave owners—an inheritance we pass on to our two precious daughters. I have brothers, sisters, nieces, nephews, uncles, and cousins, of every race and every hue, scattered across three continents."

The drop of blood rule defined champion golfer Tiger Woods as black. But Woods refused to have any part of it. Rather, he said on the *Oprah Winfrey Show* that he is "Cablinasian": a mix of Caucasian (ca), black (bl), Indian (in), and Asian (asian).

I thought that was interesting and reveled in our country's ethnic diversity. But as an American, I never thought about myself as anything other than another white guy.

It would have been different in the countries where my grandparents were born in Europe. They were Jewish, and the Nazis redefined religion as a race and slated people like them for death. My immediate family got out of Europe a generation before the Holocaust.

Most of us who have participated in genetic genealogy testing have looked at their sex-related heritage: either the mitochondrial DNA (mtDNA) passed from mothers to sons and daughters over the generations or the Y-DNA passed from fathers to sons.

DNA Print Genomics looks at a different sort of n

autosomal genes, the markers on genes other than the sex-related genes. DNA Print promises to give you a very individual look at your genetic heritage.

And mine was a surprise to me. The AncestryByDNA 2.5 test showed I was 98 percent Caucasian and 2 percent Asian. That 2 percent really grabbed my attention—deep in the heritage of this “white guy” were genes of East Asian origin. I felt redefined by the drop of blood rule.

Tony Frudakis, Ph.D., chief scientific officer and founder of DNA Print, said, “Y and mtDNA only tell you about one fraction of your ancestors, whereas autosomal tells you about all of them. Thus, Y and mtDNA are useless for individual ancestry determination—and only useful for population surveys. Autosomal markers are the only way to assess individual ancestry.”

I know his competitors in the Y-DNA/mtDNA business dispute that position.

Meanwhile, while scanning my one million markers from the new deCODE test, my genetic cousin Ted was stunned to find we had more Asian links: markers shared with Chinese populations.

Maybe we shouldn't be surprised. We may think of ourselves as black, white, or whatever, but we're all mutts. We are mixes of peoples as a result of invasions, wars, slavery, and the other winds of history.

Our family always felt that my paternal grandmother had an Asian look around the eyes. We'd joke that maybe some Mongol horseman was part of our lineage. Now it turns out that could be true. My sister-in-law Sue—no fan of Asian food—is convinced that this genetic find explains why my brothers, my sister, and I never met an Asian meal—Thai, Chinese, Japanese, Malaysian, you name it—that we didn't like.

I embraced the concept. I now fill in government forms as biracial. My wife cringes. But why not? I have the tests to prove it.

I also started the “2 Percent Club” with my friends Cara and Angie. The only entry requirement is a minimum of 2 percent Asian ancestry.

Cara meets the bill. She looks “Asian,” but her dad is white and her mom is Korean. Angie's parents are Filipinos. She looks like a Filipina, but somewhere in there she has a distant white Spanish great-grandfather.

One time, Angie's boyfriend, Otis, a Chicago Bears Super Bowl champ, joined our chowder club. He's black, jokes that if he did his genealogy he might turn out to be related to Strom Thurmond, just like Al Sharpton.

DNA Print dug deeper yet into my background. It analyzed my 98 percent Euro genes with their new European

DNA 2.0 test. According to them, I am 77 percent Southeastern European, which could include my Jewish roots, along with Armenian, Greek, and Eastern Spanish possibilities; 17 percent Continental European, including German, Belgian, Dutch, British, French, Irish, and Scandinavian roots. The rest is Iberian and Basque.

A couple of years ago, while researching an article, I wondered if racists might turn to DNA Print to prove their purity. The company told me they couldn't tell people how to use the tests, but the manual they deliver with their tests demonstrates that the company disputes ideas about racial purity: “Race is a defining issue of modern times in the United States, Europe, and many other parts of the world. The impact of the European colonial period that started more than 500 years ago has set the tone for the interactions among diverse populations of the world. Colonization, genocide, slavery, legalized segregation, apartheid, Jim Crow laws, and concentration camps are but a few of the atrocities that are the history of our civilized world, and every culture has its own list of which to be ashamed. Given the enormity of these events, their long-term consequences will take generations to overcome. Modern conceptions of race, racism, and racialization are some of the fallout of these events.”

The company says it is working toward the abolition of these misconceptions and social injustices resulting from race.

Thanks to their test, I am reveling in my own diversity now. Maybe I should call myself HebroSinoEuropeanese.

Old-fashioned gumshoe genealogy combined with modern-day genetic genealogy is always full of surprises. Researchers found that Obama is a distant cousin of both Dick Cheney and George Bush. Obama's camp kidded: “Every family has a black sheep.” Comedian Stephen Colbert on the *Colbert Report* noted that research showed Obama's mother's ancestors owned slaves and suggested with twisted logic that Obama should apologize for slavery.

And get a load of this one—I have a genetic cousin, Howard Sachs, who is a federal judge in Kansas City. We'll never know exactly how we're related, but we shared a common granddad hundreds of years ago. Here's the twist ending: Howard's wife is a *Mayflower* descendant. One of her distant cousins is Barack Obama.

So I suppose through a giant stretch I can claim my fellow Chicagoan as an in-law. And that's just fine with me.

HOWARD WOLINSKY is a Chicago writer who has been tracking his roots for more than 30 years. He can be reached at howard@wolinsky.com.



INCARCERATED *Trees*

BY KELLY BURGESS

ANN ZUNDEL THINKS FAMILY history programs can work miracles in the lives of fractured families. She sees it nearly every day: tough men moved to tears by their discoveries of ancestors who overcame incredible hardships to survive. Men who barely have a place in their present families who find a sense of self from the past. Men who use their newfound knowledge of that past to build a bridge to the future with their own children.

Zundel is a member of The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints (LDS) and was working as a volunteer at the Mesa Regional Family History Center in Mesa, Arizona, when she fielded an unusual request.

"My husband was serving in the prison ministries in Florence, teaching a class, and he happened to mention that I was involved in family history," says Zundel. "The inmates in his class were very taken by that and asked him, rather timidly, if I would consider teaching a class on family history in the prison."

Ann Zundel said no. The thought of getting involved with the prison terrified her. Then, the more she thought

about it, the more she got up the nerve to give it a try. Now, after helping hundreds of inmates research their family histories, Zundel is trying to get an official family history program established in the Arizona State Prison at Florence. It's a bit of an uphill battle, says Zundel, because prison officials are leery of new programs. And rightfully so. There's a lot involved in setting up something like this in a prison. It's not just about finding space and getting donations of equipment and reference materials. There's also the very real issue of security and a host of societal issues regarding the role and accessibility of educational and rehabilitative activities in the lives of prisoners.

In spite of the difficulties Zundel has encountered, she persists because she is convinced that giving inmates access to genealogical research can bring families of the incarcerated together in a way that is unique and very powerful.

Those who work to help children maintain ties with their incarcerated parents would agree. Ann Adalist-Estrin is director of the National Resource Center on Children and Families of the Incarcerated (NRCCFI). She

hasn't studied family history programs specifically—mainly because they're so rare—but she has learned a lot from 30 years of working with children of the incarcerated.

"One thing I hear from kids I work with is that there are many feelings generated by having a parent in prison, and one of them is a feeling of being disconnected from their past," says Adalist-Estrin. "They also get a feeling that they are defined by their father's or mother's incarceration. Knowing more about their family history can give them a much fuller context for who they are."

One barrier Adalist-Estrin sees is the idea among some groups that children with incarcerated parents should not have contact with that parent, the idea being that a bad citizen can't be a good parent. But, she points out, children love and want to be involved with their parents regardless of what negative choices that parent may have made. The solution is not separation, but programs that build family ties.

Research done by the Pittsburgh Child Guidance Foundation bears this out. The foundation conducted a two-year study as the initial phase of a six-year initiative to mobilize community support for children of prisoners. What they discovered, says executive director Claire Walker, is that

there are many obstacles standing in the way of communication between children and their incarcerated parents.

"What I like about the idea of genealogical research is that this is a way of communicating the real bonds that tie generations together," says Walker. "Everyone brings something into this. You become, as the parent, the vessel of transmission to the child's past."

Greg Sampson, who asked that his real name not be used to protect his family's privacy, is a living example of the potential of prison genealogical research programs. Sampson was an inmate in Florence prison, serving a three-year sentence for a parole violation, when "Sister" Zundel, as he calls her, came to his ward to introduce a family history class. He became fascinated with the idea of building a family tree.

"I had a lot of spare time, so I began contacting my family members and asking them what they knew about our past," says Sampson. "To my great surprise, these contacts and my research went far beyond just helping me establish a consensus about our ancestors. Having this project helped me restore relationships that I had lost with these family members due to my incarceration and gave me something to talk about with them besides my incarceration."

Where It Started

Keith Jepson has heard stories like inmate Greg Sampson's many times over. One of his most moving memories is of the big, tough inmate moved to tears by the sight of his great-great-grandfather's name on the manifest of the ship that brought him from England to America.

Jepson is coordinator of the family history centers at the Utah State Prison facility in Draper, Utah, which are the inspiration and the model for Ann Zundel's work in Arizona. The sprawling Utah complex is home to seven different correctional facilities. Of the seven, four have their own family history centers: Wasatch and Oquirrh, both medium security prisons for men; Promontory, a medium security therapeutic community for treating drug abusers; and Timpanogos, which houses female inmates.

Draper's program began in 1988 as a Sunday School class taught by volunteers from the LDS Church. Interest was so strong that it became an official program in 1990. According to a *Salt Lake Tribune* article from 1998, "the genealogy program was launched with four film readers, two microfiche readers and one copy machine."

Now, says DeAnne Shelley, Director of Training at South Point

Family History Center in Wasatch Prison, the Wasatch center alone has 45 computers, 14 film readers, seven fiche readers, and one scanner. It employs seven intake clerks and has an additional 56 inmates who volunteer as clerks. It's open eight hours a day and has approximately 200 inmates enrolled in the program. Shelley says some of those men are there from open until close.

In addition to helping the inmates with genealogical research, Shelley teaches college-level courses at the prison. Upon graduation, inmates can earn certificates attesting to skills they can use when they get back into the world to possibly find gainful employment in a genealogical field. Even if the ultimate goal isn't specific to employment, numerous studies have shown that when inmates engage in constructive activities in prison, management and behavioral problems decrease.

Greg Sampson agrees. "You have time to do things on your own but it's a situation where every individual can choose to use their productivity or not. Having this program available is one more opportunity to make a better choice."

By the time he was released, Sampson was so taken with his research that he relocated to Utah to be closer to the resources offered there by the LDS Church. Sampson is now a changed man, truly contrite, and a productive member of society. He was able to start a successful business, and he continues with his genealogical research. He credits that research with knitting back together the family ties that had unraveled because of the bad decisions he made in the past. His work researching his family's history not only brought him back together with his extended family—it helped his children see him in a new light.

"There's a family spirit that wasn't there previously," says Sampson. "We realized that we can learn lessons from the past, and we can overcome adversity and make positive changes and move on from what we are to what we have the potential to be. This has given our lives meaning and given us a sense of identity."

KELLY BURGESS is a Pennsylvania-based freelance writer.

Community Service

The most unique component of the family history program at the correctional facility at Draper, Utah, is not the research the inmates do on their own behalf but the work they're doing to benefit the rest of the world. According to the prison's FHC coordinator, Keith Jepson, the initial focus of the family history program was on extractions: inmates would pull names from old records and put them on microfilm so they could be made accessible to genealogical researchers on the outside. From there, the program evolved into a facility for inmates to do their own research. However, the extraction process continues, and this volunteer effort by the inmates benefits professional and casual genealogical researchers every day. The only difference is that now the results of the inmate's work are eventually put on the Internet by non-inmate volunteers on the outside, where they are even more widely available.

Here are a few of the major extraction projects that have been completed by the inmates at Draper:

1880 U.S. Census (800,000 names)
Freedman's Bank (485,000)
Ellis Island Records (384,686)
Ohio Publications 1-4 (325,942)
Elijah Abel (161,000)
England Extractions (68,040)
Ohio Death Records (63,600)
1881 Canada Census (22,116)
Cemetery Records of Utah (918,430)

The extraction work is so popular that Jepson estimates there are close to 800 inmates involved in the program at any one time across the four centers. And remember, not just any inmate can participate—each one has to earn the right to do the work.



Beloved Scoundrel

How often does a plain brown envelope reveal a good story, some historical scandal, and a few too many wives?

BY MYRA VANDERPOOL GORMLEY, CG

LIKE A FEW OTHER TREASURES I've received through the years, this one—the pension file of Civil War veteran John Anthony Vanderpool—arrived in a plain brown envelope. It came from the National Archives, cost me a small fortune, and was worth every nickel.

Every family has a scoundrel or two, if you dig deeply enough. My family seems to have more than its share. But as George Bernard Shaw said: "If you cannot get rid of the family skeleton, you may as well make it dance."

And there in that plain brown envelope was enough information to make this skeleton hop like an Irish step dancer.

John must have been handsome: black hair, gray eyes, all 6-foot-2 of him towering above his Union compatriots. No doubt he was a ladies' man, since at least five married him.

His pension files supply some truths and gossip about him and the women in his life. In researching this man the government labeled a "bigamist," I learned that to "flesh out" those skeletons, you need to listen to what the neighbors had to say:

- ▶ "[H]e was apparently married—living with a woman who as a girl was Martha Pruitt. ... He told me he was going to quit her and I think he did."
- ▶ "[H]e was living with a woman named Huggins whom he had married at the time of his death. ... I think Huggins and Martha Pruitt [his second wife] are related."
- ▶ "His first wife, Docia A., died at Springfield, Missouri."
- ▶ "It does not appear ... that there was ever papers filed or a divorce granted between John A. Vanderpool and Sarah A. Vanderpool."
- ▶ "I did hear that he married Moriah Huggins, a sister of Jane, and lived with her in Indian Territory."
- ▶ "I know John A. Vanderpool and his brother, Capt. James Vanderpool. They lived in Newton County and were Union men. They married sisters — the Henderson girls."

Incidentally, the pension claimant, who never obtained

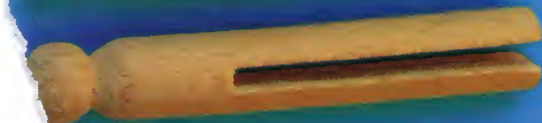
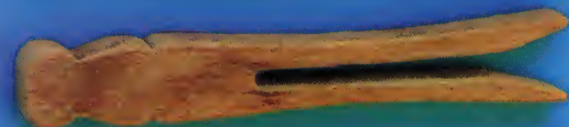
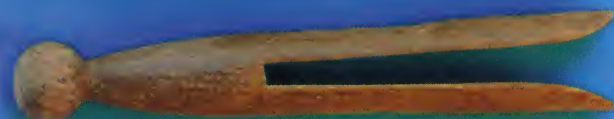
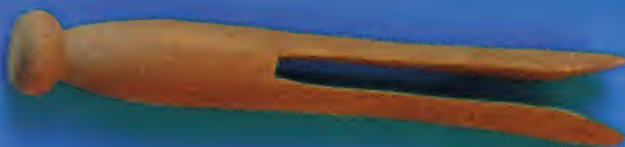
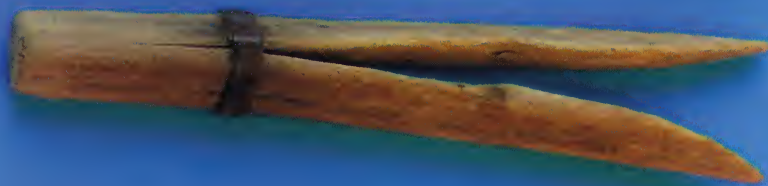


the pension despite nearly five years of trying, was his fourth wife, Sarah. In one deposition she said she "didn't know how many times John A. Vanderpool had been married as he was always rambling from place to place," but that hers was the only marriage license. Plus, he told her he hadn't married again since the death of his first wife.

The government rejected Sarah's claim "on grounds that she was not the soldier's lawful wife" since John was legally married to wife number two when he married Sarah.

Dance on my beloved scoundrel.

MYRA VANDERPOOL GORMLEY spends her days untangling her illustrious roots and pruning her family's notorious branches—the latter being a seemingly full-time job for her at myravg@wamail.net.



Hang Time

Whether you call them clothespins or clothespegs, there's one thing that's certain: in today's American household, you're more apt to find one holding closed a bag of chips than hanging a load of clean clothes.

Traditional clothespins—the kind without springs—were invented by the Shakers; the spring model was invented in 1853. And the last wooden ones made in the United States were turned out in 2007.

Will record-high energy prices spur the return of the clothespin? Green proponents hope so. So does Project Laundry List <www.laundrylist.org>, which promotes a national hanging-out day each April and petitions to remove restrictions on line drying from homeowners' association bylaws nationwide.

SEND IT IN

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Image courtesy of Gad Charny and Yoav Ziv from an exhibit curated by Yaacov Kaufman. See more at <www.designboom.com/contemporary/peg.html> or at the Yaacov Kaufman Design website <www.yaacov-kaufman.com>.

Whatza Squidge? Who Is Marjorie? And What About Phyllis?

No wonder Aunt Snake didn't know what to call her big sister.

BY MICHAEL C. OLBRICH (A.K.A. BALTHAZER)

OUR GRANDFATHER "PAPPY" WAS notorious for labeling family members with a nickname. Some were cute and funny and some, well, were neither.

Sometime before 1986, my cousin David (a.k.a. Goliath) and I had the opportunity to sit down with Pappy and chat about these names and some other things. This was when I first heard of Squidge. The name dates back to 1918 when my newly wedded grandfather was stationed overseas, and my grandmother, Mimi, was state side, pregnant with my mother, Frances. Since there was no way for them to know the gender of the unborn child, they simply called it "Squidge."

In 2005 my dad and I were going through old photo albums that had been hidden away for years. One of the albums belonged to Mimi and Pappy. I remember turning the page and, bang, there it was, a picture of Mom taken in June 1919. That was pretty cool in itself but the label "Squidge" made it even better. Dad knew it was a picture of Mom; I had to educate him on Squidge.

On the next page was a picture of Mom's great-grandfather with a 7-month-old baby named Marjorie. I thought I knew most of the family members, but there was no Marjorie, although Marjorie sure looked familiar. When I asked my dad, he told me, "Oh yeah. They used to call your mother 'Marjorie' for a while."

What? I'm in my mid-50s when I discover my mother, Frances/Squidge, had yet another name? And I found out that they didn't change her name right away—the family appeared in the 1920 federal census with my mom listed as 2-year-old Marjorie.



We continued through the photo album, going a few more pages before I found another photo of my mother. This time Marjorie was crossed out and replaced with Frances. Ahh, peace in my universe.

But not for long—an older note on the photo states "Phyllis Chapman; 6 weeks old." Phyllis? They also called her Phyllis? What was with these people?

Snake, Squidge's younger sister (and my favorite aunt), explains the name changes like this: she believes her parents never dreamed their firstborn would be anything but a boy and therefore hadn't given any thought to a girl's name.

Now I understand why Aunt Snake was confused about what to call her big sister. And since Snake couldn't pronounce Franny, my mother was from then on known by yet again another name: Wanny.





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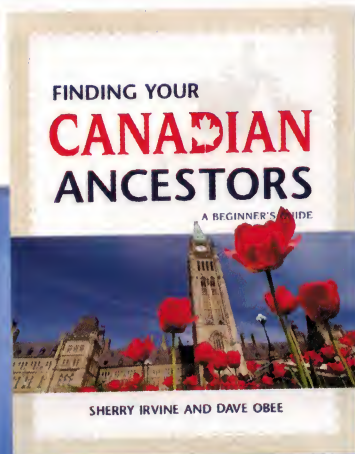


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Babe Ruth Visits the Black Sea

BY DEAN JOHNSON

IN THE MID-1920S, A TRAINER for the New York Yankees stumbled onto the Black Sea Hotel in Garfield, New Jersey. His reaction? It was the perfect hideaway for Babe Ruth.

My granduncle Jimmy Donohue owned the Black Sea, which the Babe found to his liking. The hotel was just a short drive from Yankee Stadium, so Babe could readily enjoy the solitude the place offered. But inevitably fans began to notice his car, and word got around that Babe Ruth was spending time at the Black Sea. Babe fled.

Over time, Jimmy and the Bambino became close friends, so Jimmy decided to buy the garage across the street from the hotel and turn it into Babe's private quarters.

Once Babe could drive into the garage without being seen, he came back. Jimmy assigned a waiter to carry food—including the Black Sea's famous hot dogs—and drinks over to the garage. And Jimmy and Babe remained close friends forever.

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